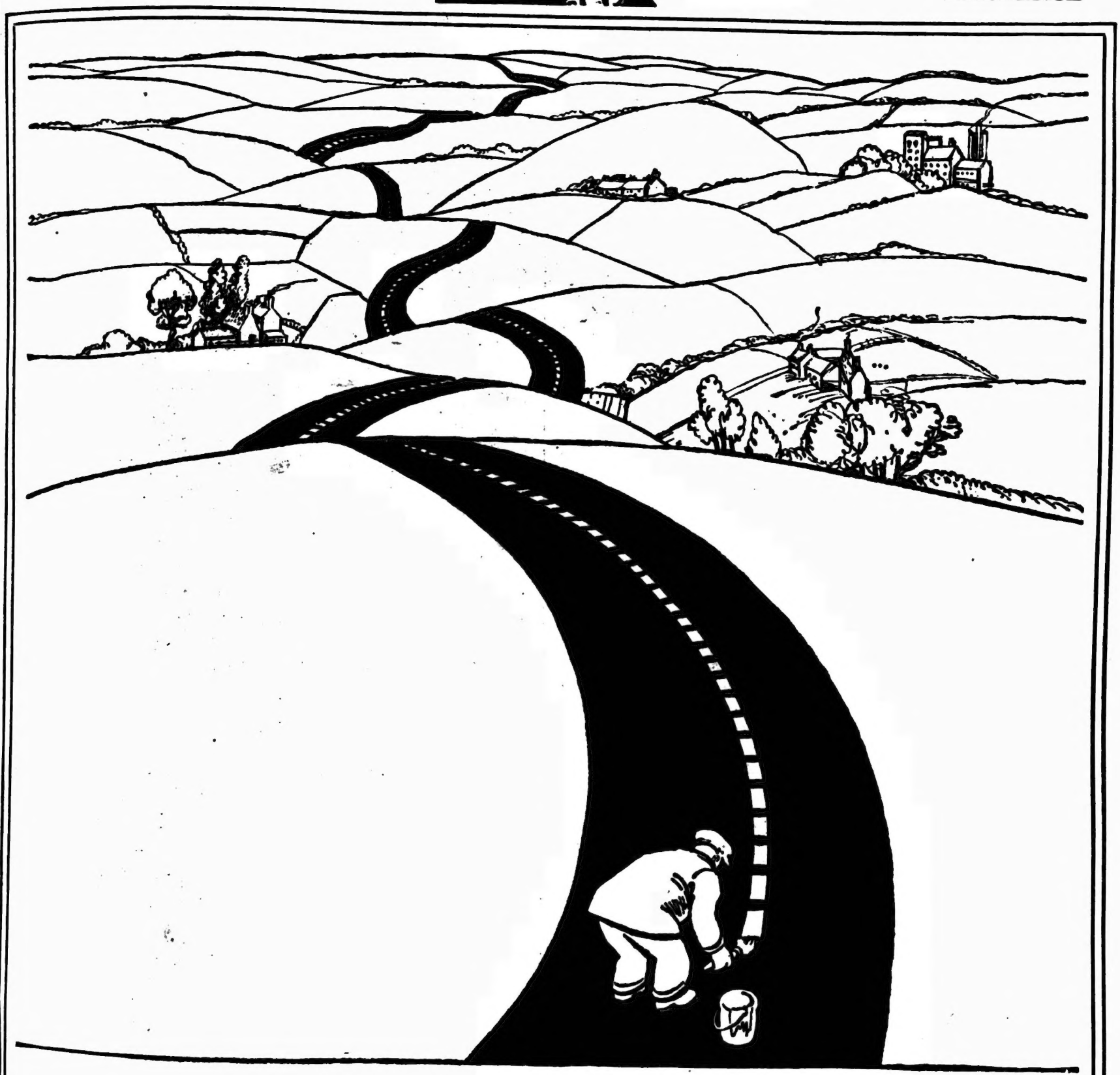
VOL. LXVI. 1739

# JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

**Have a glass of GUINNESS when you're TIRED**

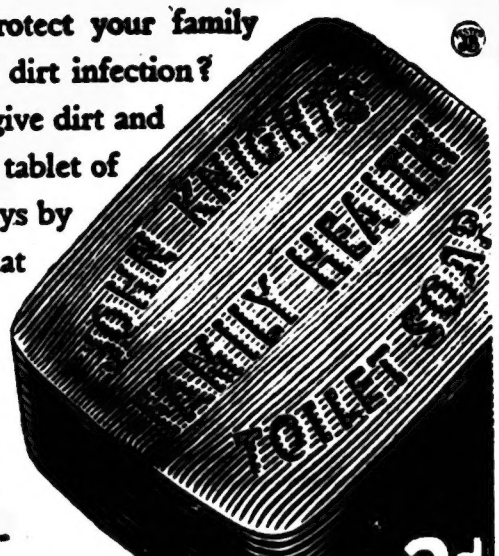
G.E.M.B.

# PROTECT YOURSELF AND YOUR FAMILY

## against the danger of dirt and infection —use Family Health Soap

## make every wash a safety wash!

What are you doing to protect your family against the daily danger of dirt infection? Keep them safer! Don't give dirt and germs a chance—see that a tablet of Family Health Soap is always by the wash-basin, and see that it is used. The antiseptic lather sweeps away dirt and dirt-bred germs. Get Family Health Soap to-day and use it every day. Make every wash a protection.




3d.

**FAMILY HEALTH**
*THE SAFETY SOAP*
MAKES EVERY WASH A PROTECTION

HN 44-901 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810



# IT'S HARD TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET-SO THINK ABOUT THIS

## 'AT LEAST 3d. WORTH OF FOOD FOR 1¼d.'

*— writes Mrs. Cremer, a London house decorator's wife*

WITHOUT Bournville Cocoa
WITH Bournville Cocoa
'I wish I could have some more supper to go to bed on!' 'That's got to do, Mary. You've had plenty.'
'Lovely, mum!' 'That's really satisfying — I'll sleep well after that, too' 'We're all looking better, since we started Bournville!'

HERE'S how thousands of thrifty wives provide real good, cheap *extra* nourishment—they give Dad and the children a cup of hot Bournville Cocoa *every night*. It's an astounding fact, but a warming, soothing cup of Bournville Cocoa, that costs you 1¼d. made with all milk, actually contains as much food value as two eggs, or ½ pound of cod! *These actual photos show the astonishing difference Bournville Cocoa makes.*

'I SPENT all I had on food,' writes Mrs. Cremer (not in the photographs) 'and still my little girl, Joan, looked pale and thin. But when I learnt a cup of Bournville Cocoa was as nourishing as 2 eggs — at least 3d. worth of food for a 1¼d.! — I gave it her every night. She loves it, Dad too, and now they both keep fit and strong.'

### START BOURNVILLE TO-NIGHT

Treat the family to delicious, comforting Bournville to-night — and every night! See how much better they feel, and how much stronger they grow! Add plenty, with sugar, to the children's milk — it actually makes 3 cups more nourishing than 4! Remember, the kiddies that have Bournville Cocoa at breakfast and bedtime are the kiddies that don't get ill in winter. Bournville Cocoa saves you money on your food bill — money to buy extra warm clothes and coal with. *Buy a tin to-day!*

### HOW TO IMPROVE THE CHILDREN'S MILK

Many children dislike milk —but if you make it into Bournville Cocoa they love it! And it does them more good—each cup of milk actually becomes more than one-third as nourishing again.

6d. a ¼ lb
11d. a ½ lb

CADBURY'S
# BOURNVILLE COCOA
**—A cup of cocoa is a cup of food**

# JOHN BULL

*Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 14, 1939. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468*


"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

# DOWN OUR OWN STREETS

NO matter what Hitler may *say* about his new friends, the Russians, we know that the latest Soviet diplomatic moves are designed to create an impassable barrier to any Nazi thrust in southern Europe.

All news of Russo-Turkish agreements must be read in this light. The Turks are our very good friends. They won't let us down.

## Snapped Axis

We know, too, that the Rome-Berlin "Axis" has virtually snapped. Italy fears a Nazi plot to gain domination and to trump up some excuse for the occupation of certain Italian ports.

The Duce will never stand for that!

Japan and Franco Spain have deserted the Nazis completely. Even the controlled German Press cannot hide these facts.

## "Tin-Panned" Him

Believe it or not, there's a man who has actually been "demobbed" from the new Army.

**A Leicester mechanic joined up in a fit of temper, but the authorities showed him the barrack-gates when they were told that hundreds of girls making Army clothing depended on his "key" work.**

There was no mafficking when he returned to the factory.

The girls tin-panned him.

## No Gas-Mask

A Scotsman has been refused a gas-mask by four councils in the neighbourhood of Richmond, Surrey.

**He's given up six months' leave from Nigeria to help the Government organising supplies of fats and oils from that country. But no official gas-mask for the likes of him!**

He's had to pay 5s. for one at a Kingston shop.

## That's Their Story

Strange, too, that we're having to feed on a Government substitute for tea and Government sausages that taste like sawdust.

The Berlin radio announcers tell us so.

It must be true.

## Keeping it Dark

Pity they don't tell us more about the German vegetable substitute for tea and the German tobacco made from crushed roots.

## Living in Limelight

But here's light on a dark subject.

Internment camps are floodlit, while neighbouring houses must observe the black-out.

Floodlighting is not to guide German aircraft to attempt to rescue their imprisoned comrades, as local wags assert, but to prevent escapes.

## Another Searchlight

While Britain is plunged in darkness, work on the Siegfried Line continues with the aid of searchlights, even though the Allied Front Line is only ten miles away.

Of course, we'd never do anything so ungentlemanly as to bomb the unfinished, floodlit forts!

## Left at the Post

Another little contrast.

**Air raid wardens must now leave their gas-masks in their posts, for others to use when they go off duty.**

Yet they must continue to scold citizens for leaving masks at home.

## Bishop's Prating

Something funny, too, in the Bishop of Coventry's sober slur on our troops. He's prating about "soldiers who get drunk every other night."

**Evidently the dear bishop knows nothing about Army pay, which, he may be surprised to hear, is considerably less than his own £3,000 a year.**

So much less, in fact, that it keeps the lads as abstemious as bishops.

## Soft Soper!

Then the Rev. Donald Soper seems to think the lads such a bad lot that he's planning to put "morality patrols" on London's pavements.

Perhaps he's never heard of our wonderful women police, whom we prefer to any private busybodies.

Never mind, plenty of material in this Puritan nonsense for our music-hall comedians!

## Fast Fascists

Wry humour, also, in the circulars being dropped from fast cars by our Fascist admirers.

**"Long ago," boasts their organisation, "we decided to give all for Britain."**

Meaning their black shirts and outlawed jackboots, we presume.

## The Other Side

That's the lighter side of Britain at war.

**But there's a lot of dark spots yet to be rubbed off our shield.**

Why not appoint a Commander-in-Chief of the Home Front to supervise the autumn cleaning?

## No Politicians, Please!

He'd have to be a first-class man, of course. No politician need apply.

His staff officers should include buyers of big department stores who earned £2,000 or £3,000 a year before they were kicked into the ranks of the workless through the war.

## A Sack for Him!

They'd soon see that our soldiers received greatcoats.

They wouldn't give all the orders to big firms while thousands of smaller—capable of doing useful work—workshops were idle.

For that sinister muddle alone our Minister of Supply should be supplied with a large-sized sack.

## Miles Out

Mr. Frank Miles, head of a firm that could turn out 100 to 500 overcoats a week, was an Army contractor in the last war

**This time, he's written three times to offer his firm's services. And hasn't even had an answer.**

When he called at the Ministry of Supply, he was seen only by a commissionaire.

## Carrying a Burgin

If Minister of Supply Leslie Burgin hasn't time for people like Mr. Miles, we haven't time for Mr. Burgin.

## Such a Fine Muddle

Another minister who should watch his step is Mr. W. S. Morrison, Minister of Food.

He has a lot of fine plans on paper, as we tell you in column 4 on the next page. But they don't seem to work.

**Some foodstuffs are controlled; some aren't. Profiteers are threatened with penalties. The penalties aren't applied.**

A lot of work here for a man with authority, determination and drive!

*(Continued overleaf.)*

# *The Only Peace Plan*

ALL the world wants peace, disarmament, and the earth's riches made available to every nation. Herr Hitler is neither the first nor the most sincere man to recognise the folly of war.

His peace hints—they could never be considered definite proposals — have now been reconsidered.

If Hitler wants peace, he must give us plans—not sketches—for peace. He must amplify his vague approaches, and get down to brass tacks.

He must tell us how he proposes to implement those plans, and what guarantees will back his promises.

**There is no need to point out that it was Herr Hitler himself who made impossible the disarmament that he now says must be the basis of security;**

**That he mobilised the armies and set in motion "the pressure of war" that shattered the prospect of a world conference.**

We need stress only that we are fighting for the end of tyranny, and the beginning of a real peace.

A peace based on international law and justice for all. The oppressed minorities as well as the powerful Empires.

A settlement that will make available the world's riches for the world's poor. The breaking down of trade barriers, economic restrictions, the artificial frontiers to prosperity raised by bankrupt statesmanship and greedy ambition.

**Yes—and an end, too, to those foolish jealousies and petty spites that have poisoned international relations since the haphazard Treaty of Versailles was signed by short-sighted politicians!**

That settlement calls for bold sacrifices not only by power-hungry men like Hitler and his clique of bullies but also by our own grasping Diehards.

For we can never return to the obsolete structure of pre-war days.

If we are going to take, we must also give. An old saying, but its truth has been forgotten in the welter of confusing events and blustering threats.

Let us tell the world that if Hitler is willing to talk business, so are we.

But it must be real business, not the sharp practice that robbed Czechoslovakia and Poland of their freedom, nor the slippery insinuations of his latest Reichstag harangue.

# Penny-Wise Men: Danger is Still Cheap: Strength Through Saving Now

He might begin by reading our post-bag.

This morning we received forty-one complaints of profiteering.

**Examples:**.

Twopence extra on tins of tomatoes, corned beef and sardines.

Threepence-ha'penny on tinned salmon.

Penny a pound on rice.

Twopence on butter beans.

Fourpence on jam.

Those pennies are making little fortunes for little blackguards who should be in jail.

## High-Flying Prices

Meat prices are raised from Hampshire to Sheffield.

Shilling rabbits are priced at 1s. 8d.

A few mantraps would soon bring them down.

## What Price Beer?

It's not only food profiteering that leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

Knitting wool from old stock is dearer by twopence an ounce. Bicycles are climbing a gradient of 20 per cent.

**Black-out paper in Keighley, threepence a yard before the war, is now ninepence.**

**Drawing-pins are four times the normal price.**

And there have been a few "rough houses" in public-houses because of unauthorised increases in beer prices.

## Grotesque Extortion

Not that the little men are always to blame.

Often they have no option but to pass on the grotesque extortion of wholesalers.

**Then there are the hoarders. A Cardiff shop assistant reports that his employer has sent twelve tons of goods to a secret store to await extra profits.**

Plenty of other employers like that who should be stored away in steel cubicles!

## The Other Rogues

After dealing with these rogues, our C.-in-C. of the Home Front should study the grievances of builders.

**Timber "rings" have raised prices four times. Copper, lead and brass foundry are up by 10 to 25 per cent.**

**Building societies cancel agreements.**

**Men have to be dismissed. Much-needed houses are left unfinished.**

Odd way to make Britain rich enough to withstand the cost of war, isn't it?

## Madness—As Usual

Despite the indignation of Mr. Ernest Brown, our loud-voiced Minister of Labour, we still say it's damnable and callous madness to let men be dismissed from Reserved Occupations, keep them without "dole," refuse them permission to join up, and just assure them that some day the country may need them.

## If Mr. Brown's Too Busy

It ought to be somebody's job to organise civilian man-power. If Mr. Brown can't do it, there's an additional reason for the appointment of an organising Commander-in-Chief.

## Bakehouse Slaves

We needn't wait for Mr. Brown to give a sweetmeat to bakers.

**After our last week's Open Letter on the exploitation of men in small bakeries, a member of the Trade Board for this industry has offered to investigate every case of bad conditions brought to our notice.**

So, you bakehouse slaves, let JOHN BULL hear from you!

*Such a man could earn better wages building an army camp. But he continues with the dangerous job of filling trench mortar shells*

## Penalised for Bravery

Recently, too, we told you about cheap labour in private arms factories. We might have mentioned a Government factory paying men £2 12s. a week, plus 5d. a day, for filling shells.

They'd get three times as much if they left this dangerous job for work in the Army camps.

## He Didn't Say Why

It is still possible, in those camps, for a man to draw wages in two different names without doing a spot of work all day.

Maybe that explains why Mr. Hore-Belisha has had to tell a nosey M.P. that the cost of the camps will work out at £200 a head.

## A Gale of Relief

There's a grain of comfort for war-payers.

**The Government has told local councils not to raise rating assessments until after the war.**

So many breaths of relief should go up at this news that autumn gales should be fearsome this year.

## Railwaymen Next?

Be thankful, too, that miners' wages have been increased. Even the most miserly coalowner daren't object to that deserved rise.

Shouldn't the underpaid railmen be served next?

## Don't They Know?

That might well be an early matter for a Home Front chief to decide. Although he might not have power to interfere with our generals and admirals, he might drop a hint into their deaf ears with a depth charge.

A hint, for example, that soldiers' wives are still without their allowances, cannot buy food or pay rent.

## Same Old Story

Officers, also, are without pay.

**Can you imagine what would happen if civilian workers were kept waiting five weeks for their pay packets?**

Men are having trouble in getting leave.

The old Army way again?

## Brass Hat Tyranny

A soldier, given leave to bury his father, was ordered to return the same day, despite a journey of 300 miles.

He couldn't do it even if there had been a suitable train, yet he was fined nine days' pay.

Other men, a little late through having to wait for trains, were fined three or five days' pay.

No more of this, please!

## Admiral's Blind Eye

Wisely, generals aren't sending boys of twenty into the Front Line.

But why are boys of fifteen and sixteen on active service in the Navy?

An oversight, perhaps? (It must be remedied.)

## Save It All

We have no complaints against the excellent drive to collect Britain's waste material.

Aston Villa's football ground was made from rubbish collected from Birmingham's dustbins. A lot of Britain's economic strength can come from the same source.

## Under Sir John's Nose

Sir John Simon, commanding the anti-waste drive, has missed an example that is under his nose every time he sits in the Commons.

**At the end of the Order Paper are twelve pages of "notices of motions."**

**Most of them—dealing with the "civil war in Spain" and "the threat of war with Germany"—will never be heard.**

**Why waste print every day?**

## Don't Waste Them

Waste, too, of M.P.s themselves!

Many are commercial, scientific or professional men of high standing, willing to work for the State for nothing.

Their services have been curtly refused.

If a Home Front C.-in-C. stopped this ungracious idiocy alone, he'd be worth his salt.

## We Appreciate Britain

Perhaps you think we grumble too much. Not so.

None appreciates Britain's greatness better than JOHN BULL; none is prouder of the fine things that are British.

But it is our duty to expose injustices, to point to muddles that need cleaning up.

**WE KNOW THAT THE SOONER THE FLAWS IN OUR SOCIAL STRUCTURE ARE MADE GOOD THE QUICKER WE SHALL MAKE OUR LAND STRONG ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND ANY ASSAULT, THE BETTER WILL BE THE EXAMPLE WE ARE SEEKING TO SHOW THE WORLD, THE CLEANER WILL BE THE VICTORY WE SHALL ACHIEVE OVER THE FORCES OF DESPOTISM AND EVIL.**

# Food Plans go Awry

ON and on goes the Great Food Muddle.

Butchers are surfeited with supplies in some districts, fighting for them in others.

Fishermen, landing catches, find there are no boxes in which to send them to market. They have been requisitioned.

Some farmers are finding it none too easy to sell wheat; others none too easy to buy it for seed at vastly enhanced prices.

Grocers who have been given half or less than half their normal sugar supplies, hearing the Government blaming hoarding housewives for the shortage, are wondering where the women could have obtained their supplies.

PERISHABLES are finding their way to the wrong districts, where they are left to rot.

Worst of all, food distribution secrets have been allowed to leak out, providing little fortunes for a few people "in the know" and starving others of supplies.

**And all this muddle is caused through our trying to work an elaborate scheme of food control drawn up at the beginning of the year, based on war as we thought it might be, showing no desire to amend that scheme now that war has proved to be something entirely different.**

Whitehall was planning to carry foodstuffs to our main centres of population when bridges, docks, and jetties had been destroyed, roads blown up and food dumps and food trains were suffering continuous bombing.

That "ruined Britain" prospect has been the bee in our food control bonnet.

You know the result.

Your tin of salmon costs more because it is moved to a centre of population from its secret hoard miles away from civilisation with as much care and caution as if it were a precious gem.

**It isn't easy to get sugar when every district has its supplies split into eight parts, in case seven should be blown up.**

**Food costs more when even the threepenny tin of sardines, on top of being insured against war risks, must have something in the nature of an escort.**

We have no quarrel with caution. But this highly complex scheme, based on a continually bombarded Britain, should have been kept as an expensive alternative to be used only if absolutely necessary.

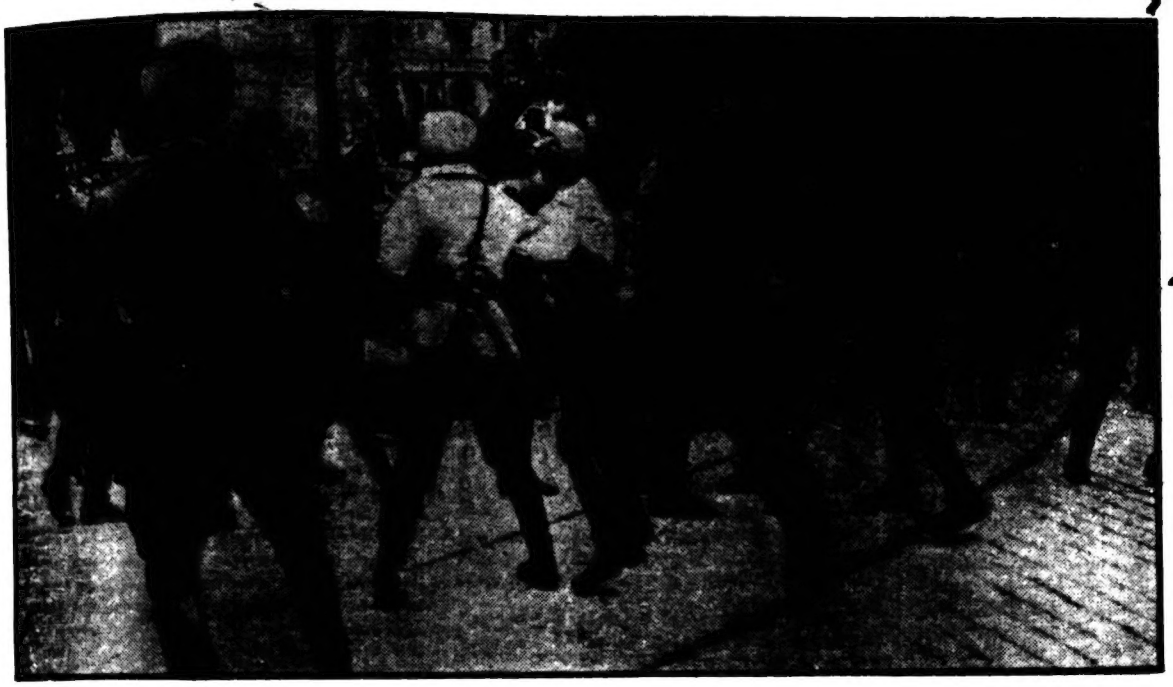
UNLESS this over-organised scheme is amended your ration will suffer.

Despite many guesses hazarded as to how much meat, bacon, butter, margarine, fat and sugar each citizen will be allowed, the quantity is going to be reviewed every month in the light of what supplies are readily available.

Supplies "readily available" at the moment (remember sugar) are but a fraction of what would be available with sane organisation planned for things as they are as well as things as they might be.

There is no reason why anybody should go short of any necessity, says Whitehall. But there is one reason. That reason is Whitehall.

# Another Stirring Article by A. G. Gardiner



● This picture is reproduced from the Nazi souvenir booklet for visitors to the Berlin Olympic Games in 1936.

The heading is "Bolshevik Street Terror," and the caption explains that until Hitler came to power, international Communists were inflaming the German people to riot; inciting them to depravity, obscenity and atheism; polluting their whole life. Hitler had come to stamp Bolshevism out of Europe.

. . . Of course, that was three years ago—some time before he suddenly discovered that the Bolsheviks were really his trusty friends.

# HITLER'S PANIC GAMBLE

IF I were asked to name the most momentous fact of the war so far, I should not say the conquest of Poland.

That was a spectacular achievement, but it was not unexpected—indeed, it was inevitable—and it does not seriously affect the great movement of events.

Poland for the present is off the map, but its time will come.

Meanwhile it leaves another vast sore, like those of Austria and Czechoslovakia, in the German anatomy.

Nor should I choose the striking failure of the U-boat campaign.

In the long view that is much more than a set-off to the Polish catastrophe.

It means that in the first six weeks of the war Germany is swept off the seas of the world, except for a raider here and there.

Our supplies are secure and Germany's overseas supplies are cut off "for the duration."

There is no need to enlarge upon the immensity of these facts.

But they are not the biggest thing that has happened.

**THE BIGGEST THING THAT HAS HAPPENED IS THAT HITLER HAS BEEN ECLIPSED.**

He has come down from the rostrum and it is Stalin who leads the band and calls the tune.

He is the enigma. We know what Hitler is after.

* * *

BUT who can say what Stalin is after?

When Napoleon went to Moscow and left half a million corpses in the snows of Russia, he made the mistake of his life.

From that disaster he never recovered. It sealed his doom.

It is not improbable that history will pass the same verdict on Hitler's invasion of Moscow in the person of Ribbentrop.

He bought a pig in a poke. He bought it in panic, as a desperate gamble to escape from what he most feared—a war on two fronts.

His career of bluff had at last been called by Britain and France, and under the influence of the ineffable Ribbentrop he snatched at a pact with Stalin as the sure and certain way of making their flesh creep and sending them back to browse in the pastures of "appeasement."

He swallowed all the horrid things he had said about Comrade Stalin and "the scum of the earth" in the past, and flaunted his eternal friendship with his hated foe in the face of the enemy.

* * *

IT was one of the most astounding miscalculations in history. It did not scare the enemy. It only confirmed them in their resistance.

And it has left Stalin master of the field in Eastern Europe

He has given nothing but vague assurances, and he has got everything that he wanted, and more than anything that he had dared to hope for.

He has walked in and taken possession from the Black Sea to the Baltic.

A third of Poland has fallen to his mouth like a ripe peach, without price and without bother.

He has got a port in Estonia that secures his exit from the Gulf of Finland and establishes his sea power in the Baltic.

He has become the guardian of the Baltic States that Hitler had marked down for his own, and he has interposed Russia between Germany and the Polish and Rumanian oilfields that were the apple of Hitler's eye.

* * *

AND what is Hitler's profit account on this precious transaction like?

Not a military alliance, for Russia remains a neutral, at liberty to trade with the belligerents on either side.

Indeed, she is, at the present time, negotiating with Sweden for ships to carry her timber to England.

Hitler can, of course, get access to Russia's raw material, like anybody else, but he has no money to buy, and Russia's poor transport and great internal needs leave her with little to sell.

For the immediate purpose of the war, Hitler has gained nothing.

And he has lost much. His dream of a great eastern empire marching into the fat wheat lands of the Ukraine is at an end.

Russia straddles across his path. His ambition to dominate the Balkans, too, is gone. Stalin is there before him.

It is a bleak look out

And it is not as if Hitler was relieved of anxieties on the eastern front.

He must keep great forces in Poland, not only to hold the Poles down, but to keep an eye on his new neighbour, for he trusts Stalin no more than Stalin trusts him.

Nor is this the end of the tale. Hitler's fatal deal with Stalin has left him isolated in the war.

It has smashed his Axis from Japan to Spain. It has discredited him at home.

It has shown his loud-mouthed denunciations of the Bolshevist creed to have been a sham.

**IT HAS LEFT HIM EXPOSED AS AN IMPOSTOR WHO SNATCHES AT ANY CRY THAT WILL SERVE HIS CRIMINAL ENDS.**

Finally, it has made him anathema to the Catholic powers.

It was bad enough to devastate Catholic Poland. It was worse to hobnob with anti-Christ Stalin in doing so.

This has not only outraged the feelings of the Latin countries in Europe. It has shocked the Latin countries of South America.

* * *

I HAVE never believed that Italy would march to the sound of the German bugle.

Germany has been her historic enemy for two thousand years, and the Axis was never anything more than a diplomatic make-believe designed to win bloodless victories over the poor old effete democracies who were supposed to be too fat and lazy to fight about anything.

Well, the bunkum is blown on.

Italy knows it, and Mussolini's newspapers are now saying quite pleasant things about our superiority over Germany in the air.

That is all to the good, and I am not the person to look a gift horse in the mouth.

The point here is that the Polish outrage and the deal with Stalin have confirmed Italy in her determination to be neutral.

If she ever became un-neutral, I venture to prophesy that it would not be Hitler who would be the beneficiary.

Still less has Germany anything to hope for from Spain.

Whatever debt Franco was under to Germany has been liquidated by the pact with Stalin and the destruction of Poland, for Franco is, above everything, a Catholic and a foe of Communism.

And, in going to Moscow, Hitler has not only lost many friends he might have had. He has also given a fillip to his foes.

The Balkans can play off Stalin against him. With all serene in the Mediterranean, the problem of the Western Powers is enormously simplified.

In a word, the ascendancy of the Peace Front is established throughout the world, both in the material and the moral spheres.

* * *

THERE is a snag, of course. I have said that while we know what Hitler is after we do not know what Stalin is after.

All that we can be sure of is that he is playing for his own hand, and not for Hitler's.

It may be that, intoxicated with the success that Hitler has given him, he may revive the Imperialist policy of Czarist Russia. But that concerns the future.

What is clear is that for the purposes of the war Hitler's Moscow adventure has given him little and lost him much.

**IT IS ANOTHER NAIL IN HIS COFFIN.**

*Heartfelt sentiments are expressed in these War-time letters from another—*

# MOTHER and SON

## My dear boy—

YOUR very welcome letter arrived this morning as we hoped it would. As soon as the postman turned the corner Dad went to the gate to meet him, but he "played fair" and did not open it till he got indoors.

We read it together and it reassured us no end. Dad's comment was: "No need to worry about him. He's all right!" It's a relief to know you are in such comfortable billets and having plenty of good food.

We don't expect you to tell us about the war. We hear as much as we want from the B.B.C. and the daily papers. You wouldn't be allowed to say anything important if you knew it. But we do enjoy hearing the personal bits about "Madame" and her two daughters, and about the men who are with you.

* * *

When you get your next leave we shall be delighted to see your friend "Smudger" Smith, but if you bring anyone else you must warn him that he will have to sleep on the chesterfield. We have the "evacuees" in the spare room.

**Two nice lads they are, too, these evacuees. Nine and ten years old, they are only too ready to help with washing-up and chopping firewood. Their mother came to see them last Sunday and she was pleasantly surprised to see them looking so fit. They told her they are in no hurry to go back.**

I am sending cigarettes and a French dictionary which should be useful when you get stuck with your conversation.

Your attempts at French will amuse the local lads, but you will get along much as the Tommies did in the last war.

They picked up stray scraps of French, and the French picked up scraps of English, and the mixture seemed to work.

And talking about eggs (you mentioned that you get plenty), be sure to ask Madame to make you some omelettes. The French are geniuses at omelette-making, and if you can watch her do them you can show me the tricks when you come home.

* * *

I have been making Christmas puddings. Don't laugh!

It may be difficult to get some of the fruit later on when we are all rationed, and if the war is still going on I want to send one to you.

We Englishwomen may not be able to make all the fancy things, but we can make puddings better than anyone on earth. So we are always being told.

We all had a stir at the mixture and had a wish. You can guess what we wished, but we must not tell or it will spoil the charm!

We are having real October weather here now. There are still lots of flowers in the garden—Michaelmas daisies, chrysanths, and the last of the roses. Those salvias you put in the front bed make a lovely splash of scarlet. They seem to be later than other people's.

Dad will miss his flowers next year.

He is going to grow food wherever there is a square foot of soil to spare. We are all asked to do this, and although there's not much fear of food shortage, every little helps.

Dad will be writing you in a day or two. They are short-handed at the office now the younger men have joined up, and he has to do overtime. But things are gradually being straightened out and the worst of the confusion of the change-over to war conditions has disappeared. Business has got going again and traffic is improving every day.

You need not worry about us, my boy. Take care of your health now the cold nights are coming. If there is anything I can send, you have only to say the word. Write when you can, but if you have not time we shall understand.

Elsie is looking very well indeed.

Now, my dear boy, I shall have to close.

You know we are always thinking about you.

It does not seem so very long since your father was in France during the last war. In those days I was thinking about my young husband, and now I am thinking of my young son.

I am proud of you both—and love you both. But you know that, don't you. God bless you, my lad.

**YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.**

## Dear Mum—

THANKS for your letter, which I received safely. I hope you and Dad are getting on all right. I am having a *bon* time with plenty of grub.

"Smudger" Smith was very bucked when I told him that you'd said he could come home with me when we got a spot of leave.

I don't think we'll bring the "sarge" somehow because he wouldn't be very much at home on a Chesterfield.

He needs an outsize in campbeds.

The madame at my billets was also pleased to hear what you said about her.

Her daughters still insist on saying I'm like their brother who is in the French army. But keep it dark, mum, you know what Elsie is!

The "'black-out" must make things at home a bit dull, but we find there's plenty to do when we are off duty. And can they cook over here? Oh! Boy!

Some of these French mademoiselles are *trey bon*, although they can't speak English, of course, so we have to speak French to them.

You needn't worry about me, because our sergeant says it will be a long time before we go up the line.

All the French people went mad when we arrived. They kept shouting at us and laughing—all in French, of course—and got so excited it was difficult to understand what they were saying.

Glad to hear the black-out's not too bad. It doesn't worry us very much out here, and at night we sit round together and sing.

* * *

Dear Mum, please don't send me any socks, but cigarettes are always welcome, and Elsie can send some if she likes.

I'm glad the pictures have started at home again. We're having a concert party arranged for Friday night.

Dear Mum, what I want you to understand is that there's no need for you to worry about me because I'm getting on fine and will have my photo taken as soon as I get a chance and will send you one.

* * *

I've been thinking a lot of you lately, because somehow, although she's French, the *Madame* in our billets reminds me of you in lots of ways, and she says I'm not to forget to write to you regularly, as though I would.

I showed her the photo of you and Dad—that one you had taken at Brighton last year. They're a funny lot, these French, because she suddenly kissed me and went away.

You needn't tell anybody about that, though, because it made me feel a bit of a fool. Still, she's *trey bon* all the same, and gives us coffee at night without any milk and served in a basin instead of a cup.

I don't think much of this French beer. They call it *bock*, and it tastes to me a bit like onion water so you need not be afraid I'll make a fool of myself with it.

Well, dear Mother, give my love to everybody at home and please tell Elsie I'm writing to her separately.

Hoping this finds you as it leaves me at present,

**YOUR LOVING SON.**

P.S.—Don't worry about me because our sergeant says it will be a long time before we're in the line, which is cushy compared to the last war, even if it's not all over before we get there.

---

*When mother and son are parted, as thousands are parted now, their letters, could we but see them, would shine with inspiration for us all.*

*The country needs that high example. So, if you have a son in the fighting forces—or if you are writing home from the Army—we invite you to send us for publication copies of your letters, or at least those passages that are not too private for other eyes.*

*We will pay 10s. 6d. for each letter used in this way. Strict secrecy about names and addresses will be observed if it is desired.*

*Address*: JOHN BULL, 93, *Long Acre, London W.C.2. Mark your envelope "Son" in top left corner. Stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed if you wish your letter to be returned.*

---

**This is Happening to me**

## A Mannequin Joins the Land Army!

IMAGINE me, a mannequin down on the farm, listening to a lecture on how to feed young pigs, wallowing in Essex mud, enjoying life without even thinking about my nose being as bright as a Belisha Beacon.

Five weeks ago I was An Important Young Woman toying languorously with the most expensive gowns in Liverpool's most exclusive dress shop.

The countryside seemed uncivilised.

Even the thought of pigs in any other form than bacon scared me more than the sight of a mouse.

I would not have ventured down a muddy lane if you had paid me.

And now look at me.

It is a wonderful transfiguration.

Happy and healthy, I never think of using lipstick or rouge. The invigorating, frosted breeze at six o'clock in the morning brings all the colour I need to my face.

The early morning sun brings new delight to my life.

It's a long way from fine silks and satins to baby pigs. But I have learned that young porkers become the sweetest pets. And as I look back on my days in the store, I realise that the grand ladies for whom I paraded in the latest gowns were a tiresome crew.

*Even porkers can become the sweetest pets*

Among them, however, was a woman who converted me to the Land. To this fairy godmother is due my lightning change from a mannequin to a land girl.

I will never go back to city life.

I mean to marry an honest son of the soil (D.V.) and enjoy myself feeding pigs and hens.

Yes, all this has happened to me.—G. H., St. Helens.

What has war done to you? It has created soldiers out of clerks, firemen out of cashiers, ambulance drivers out of teachers, dare-devils out of the meekest little men.

And on this page a mannequin has described how she joined the Land Army. Tell your story. We offer space and pay according to length. What *is* happening to *you*?

# Open Letters

## • For Attention of Mr. Belisha • Torquay's Fireman Looter • Heroes of Camp-Theatres

### Rt. Hon. L. HORE-BELISHA, M.P.,
War Minister

DEAR SIR,—You must expect war muddles of this type to lead to open grumbles:

Men who have donned khaki and are drawing ordinary Army pay are being drafted to workshops where they work side-by-side with civilians who earn up to £8 a week.

I don't want to lengthen your bout of neuralgia. But you must really end this obvious unfairness!—JOHN BULL.

### Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—Hedging already? First came a clear promise to curb war fortunes. Now there are "ifs" and "buts."

"If it should be found possible, after the war, to impose a levy on war time increases of wealth . . ." you murmur.

**There must be no "if," no waiting for the war's end, unless you want to be swept away by an indignant public. We remember too well what happened last time. War racketeers got away with £5,000,000,000, even after paying £1,731,000,000 in income tax and excess profits duty.**

In the first two years of war, shipowners made £3,000,000,000. Three thousand millions, while men died to protect profiteers!

This shall not happen again. Britain will see to that.—JOHN BULL.

### JACK BUCHANAN,
War Star

DEAR JACK,—Naturally, your barrack concerts are going great guns, seeing that you are giving your inimitable "personal appearances," and are supported by Elsie Randolph, Fred Emney and other stars.

You deserve an additional word of praise for organising the concerts, while a war honour would not be wasted on Basil Dean, in charge of all entertainments for the Fighting Forces.

A barrage of laughter from the troops will be another weapon against sour-faced Hitlerism.—JOHN BULL.

### HENRY VICTOR SKINNER
Torquay Looter

SKINNER,—For such scum as you there is only one fit place—a prison cell. I can hardly believe that the magistrates have let you off with a paltry fine of £3.

**An auxiliary fireman, you filled your pockets with goods from a burning shop. When caught, you whined that you had no intention of stealing.**

There is an uglier word for this sort of rascality—looting. May you prove the last as well as the first war looter.—JOHN BULL.

### Dr. C. FORSTER-COOPER,
Director, Natural History Museum

DEAR DOCTOR,—Fifteen shillings is a lot of money for your museum's latest book, "British Blood-sucking Flies," but it ought to be a best-seller.

The public is very interested just now in British blood-suckers, by no means confined to the insect kingdom.—JOHN BULL.

### Councillor C. P. GROBEL,
Chairman, Finchley A.R.P.

DEAR SIR,—Judging by your reluctance to admit that more than £120,000 a year is being paid to A.R.P. workers in your borough, you want to blush unseen.

**An appalling total, though I know even remote Cornish villages where auxiliary firemen have been "standing by" since the outbreak of war.**

Fortunately, officialdom is heeding my warning that such senseless waste must stop. Now you must be warned that ratepayers have a right to know how their money is being scattered.—JOHN BULL.

### Major G. C. TRYON, M.P.,
Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR,—I am puzzled. Has half your staff gone on holiday, and the rest kept so busy that they've lost their heads?

Marriage allowance forms are unobtainable at post offices in many districts. Despairing women are told each day: "We may have some to-morrow."

**Registered letters to men in barracks are returned as "Gone away." Harmless "How are you?" letters to relatives in the United States are returned marked "Believed to contain prohibited matter."**

**Switzerland receives German papers without delay. Ours take twelve days to arrive.**

Even in busy London, dozens of important post offices remain shut.

What a pity that your great organisation, so fond of slogans, doesn't adopt the motto: "Business as Usual."—JOHN BULL.

### Miss AMY JOHNSON,
Famous Airwoman

DEAR MADAM,—Your appearance in a police court is no longer a novelty.

**Summoned for a motoring offence, you are said to have abused and scratched a policeman, tried to drive off, stopped, and had to be pulled out of your car. All of which cost you £5 10s.**

Surely the police have enough to do nowadays without suffering from your ill temper?—JOHN BULL.

### Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—To-day, Thursday, you will be reminded of the report on the scandalous neglect of tuberculosis in Wales, published six months ago, but pushed into the background by "more urgent" matters.

It must be forgotten no longer, as Mr. James Griffiths, M.P., will tell you.

Unless you carry on the battle against disease, peace will hardly be worth the price.—JOHN BULL.

### Mr. B. E. LAWRENCE,
Chief Education Officer, Essex

DEAR SIR,—In your reopening of schools plan there is a strange class distinction demanding exposure.

In a reception area, the opening of high schools has been postponed until the trenches and shelters are finished.

**But in a neutral and therefore less safe area you have ordered the elementary schools to reopen without any trenches being provided.**

**At one such school, a hundred scholars sit in a big room that has glass windows stretching the full length of two sides.**

**Anti-aircraft guns are clustered around.**

Parents and school managers are furious. I don't blame them.—JOHN BULL.

### Air Vice-Marshal C. PORTAL,
Chief of R.A.F. Personnel

DEAR MARSHAL,—There is discontent among the R.A.F. Voluntary Reserve. I expect you to ease it.

**Men who joined up, some at the beginning of the year, were told they would be paid 3s. 6d. a day. Now they are classed as "untrained," and receive only 2s. a day.**

Yet many have had months of training, long service in the Army, and are skilled workmen.

Something wrong, somewhere!—JOHN BULL.

## Telegrams:

**ADJUTANT-GENERAL: Householders can't get payment for soldiers billeted on them. What must they do? Let their own families suffer hardship?—JOHN BULL.**

**HOME SECRETARY: No. V.C. for Civil Defence heroes, only the O.B.E. given for pen-pushing in the last war. Order a new set of medals for gallantry during enemy attack.—JOHN BULL.**

## Sir Horace, Use Your Axe!

**SIR HORACE WILSON,
Head of the Civil Service**

DEAR SIR,—I doubt whether ever before in history has a man had so much money to spend as you are being given to meet our war needs.

You have the reputation of a frugal administrator. But your staffs are increasing at such a tremendous pace that extravagance can easily be overlooked.

**Already it is clear that the country is being burdened by officials who toil not, neither do they spin, and by others who toil and spin most industriously for no particular purpose.**

**I need not remind you of the Ministry of Information and its egregious collection of 999 ill-assorted mandarins.**

But there are other Departments that have not yet felt the keen edge of the pruning knife.

There is a Census Department in a northern city crowded with possibly decorative but utterly unnecessary gentry.

There is the Bacon Development Board which is still harbouring the same crew of effete officials, even though no longer carrying on business.

Just as the Army still maintains luxury horses on rations that could very well be used for farm horses, so are hordes of officials drawing comfortable salaries for jobs with no importance in war time.

**These are not comfortable facts for the new unemployed and the half-starved old-age pensioners.**

Let the anti-waste campaign begin in Whitehall and the expensive provincial hotels to which many of its occupants are fleeing!—JOHN BULL.

# GRIN and BEAR it!

To hear the "late news" I sat up,
But felt that I'd been sold a pup
And might have gone to bed;
For ev'ry single blessed word
That I, with growing boredom, heard,
Some hours before I'd read!

"Why will they language so misuse
And call this long-dead stuff 'late news'?"
I muttered with a frown;
"Unless they use 'late' in the way
That we employ it when we say
'The late Nathaniel Brown'?"

* * *

I simply adore the snappy bits on the National Registration form.

Surname and other names: BROWN, John Nathaniel Thomas Peter. Write M. for male; F. for female.

Go on saucy!

* * *

## Meet Mr. Pest

Ran into Mr. Pest, our local sage, last night, in the saloon bar.

"When this war's over, there's going to be a lot said about it," said Mr. Pest.

"*About what?*" *said I.*

"When this war's over," said Mr. Pest.

"*What about?*" *said I.*

"What about what?" said Mr. Pest.

"*I don't follow you,*" *said I.*

"How?" said he.

"*How what?*" *said I.*

"You haven't been listening," said he.

"*Oh, yes, I have,*" *said I.* "*You said that when this war's over there's going to be a lot said about it.*"

"That's right," said he.

"*Right?*" *said I.*

"Yes," said he.

"*What is?*" *said I.*

"What is what?" said he.

"*I don't get you,*" *said I.*

"How?" said he.

"*How what?*" *said I.*

"What?" said he.

"*Pardon?*" *said I.*

I mean, it pays to be polite.

* * *

## All the Runners

*Horses are coming back into favour, for use both in commercial and pleasure vehicles, as a result of petrol rationing.—News item.*

Horsy keep your tail up, for your day's
by no means done!
Though never in a Derby or a steeple-chase you've run,
You are coming into fashion
Now we're on a petrol ration,
And we need your kind assistance if the war is to be won.

There've been times when we've abused you in a manner unrefined,
When the bag of Ike MacShortodds with our hard-earned cash you've lined;
But no longer do we flout you,
For we cannot do without you
Since we have, though most reluctantly, the fam'ly 'bus resigned.

Though your tail may point derision when you set out to convey
Your view of fickle humans with a loud sarcastic neigh,
We can hug the consolation
That, at least for the duration,
We can laugh ha, ha! at gongsters as we jog upon our way!

* * *

Don't read the next bit. It's just daft.

"I'm Hitler!"

"Hitler than what?"

* * *

## Fair's Fair

*"Under the new system, training of R.A.F. pilots and observers is divided into three stages. First comes the holiday. . . ."—"News-Chronicle" Air Correspondent.*

Don't seem right, somehow, chums. First should come the pension, then a year's pay, and *then* the holiday.

Mean to say, you've got to start at the beginning.

* * *

## Look Out, Shakespeare!

Here's my brilliant new play, entitled "The Unimportance of Being Adolph":

*Scene: Interior of Take-no-Liberty Hall.*

*Discovered: Sir Joseph.*

*Enter a Footman.*

SIR JOSEPH: Adolph!

FOOTMAN: Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: In future, I trust it won't be necessary for me to tell you to keep away from the Baltic.

FOOTMAN: Very good, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: *And* the Balkans.

FOOTMAN: As you wish, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: And—Adolph!

*"You are coming into fashion!"*

FOOTMAN: Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: Pass me a good piece of Poland, will you?

FOOTMAN: Certainly, Sir Joseph. Any orders for to-morrow, Sir Joseph?

*Curtain.*

Owing to the 6 o'clock curfew restrictions, this play is unlikely to be produced in the West End.

There are other reasons, such as jealousy.

And there are other reasons.

* * *

## Missing Friends

*"Two hundred gas-masks lost each day in London," so the papers say,*
*And all that's known is this:*
*To show precisely whence they came,*
*Each case is marked with some such name*
*As "Pie Face," "Dad," or "Sis"!*

* * *

## Hitler's Nanny

There's absolutely nothing to be said for the woman.

If Hitler wasn't dropped when young, the nurse who didn't drop him is one of the biggest scourges humanity has ever suffered.

If, on the other hand, Hitler was dropped when young, the nurse who didn't drop him hard enough is one of the biggest scourges humanity has ever suffered.

* * *

## Ye Merrie Quip

"Say, Mr. Johnson, sah, what am the difference between Dickens' Mr. Micawber and the Censors at the Ministry of Information?"

"I shuah don't know, Mr. Bones."

"Well, Mr. Micawber was always waiting for something to turn up, while the Censors spend their time waiting for something to turn down."

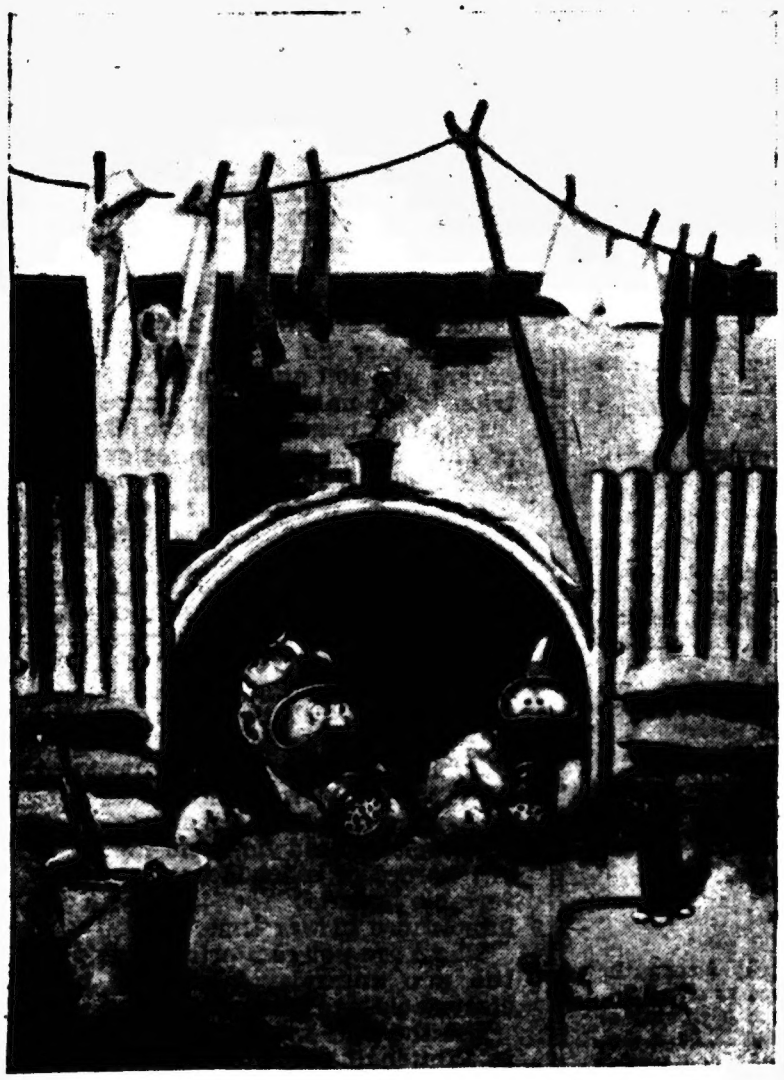
* * *

And now, as we've got a line or two before the end of the column, I'll just try to find a gramophone record.

Y. Z.

# Old Bill on the Home Front

**By Bruce Bairnsfather**



*"Well, if yer was of a weffer wole, we to it!"*

# Through Other Eyes

They won't stay buried.
—*The Chicago News, U.S.A.*

Smoke signals back of the line.—*The Rochester Times-Union, U.S.A.*

# The Rev. Pat McCormick

## famous radio pastor and vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, answers the question:

# WHY DOES GOD ALLOW IT?

*Beginning this series of articles, the Rev. Pat McCormick writes:—*

*"This is the first time I have undertaken to write for the Press. I am doing it because JOHN BULL has promised to help us at St. Martin-in-the-Fields out of our difficulties.*

*"With this support, we shall be able to continue the daily 3.30 People's Service with a Guards Band—which Dick Sheppard started in 1916.*

*"We are grateful to JOHN BULL, and I only hope that I shall be of some use to its readers."*

WELL, I suppose one of the things which is worrying some of you at this time is this question: "How is it, if God rules the world, that He allows such dreadful things to happen as the rape of Poland and the misery, suffering and death now let loose in Europe?"

It is very much the same kind of question that we came up against in the last war: "Why doesn't God stop it?"

A very heartfelt question it was, too, as those who remember the last dreary months of 1918 will agree.

The answer, it seems to me, is to be found in right thinking about God and His dealings with man.

First let us get clear what we mean by God being Almighty in relation to man.

Does this mean that He is an autocrat like Hitler? Does He force men to do what He wants?

Of course we know He doesn't. If He did, the world would be a very different place and we should be very different people.

**From the beginning, He gave men the power to go against His will if they wanted to. He gave them free will—that is, the right to choose whether they could do what God wants or what they want themselves.**

By this God has limited His Almightiness.

### Woodbine Willie Was Right

You and I can say "No" to God, and He will not force us to do what He wants.

We can see how true this is when we remember He calls us His children.

A good father never forces his children to do the right thing; he tries his utmost to persuade and help them to choose the right way for themselves; but, if he forces them, he takes away that freedom to choose and they will never learn to do the right thing of their own accord.

The hardest thing a father has to face is to see his child going to the dogs and yet not try to force him to go straight. God is continually seeing that; and that is what Studdert-Kennedy (Woodbine Willie, as he was nicknamed in France) meant when he called God's part the hardest part.

He wrote a poem to illustrate this called "The Sorrow of God." It is a fine thing.

So, you see, God has limited His Almighty Power in regard to man. He wants his children to be free; He did not make us automatons.

We can choose, we can resist Him, and do what we like, and He will not force us.

Now, Hitler is the exact opposite to God.

He believes in force; he has organised a system which relies entirely on force; he recognises no other authority; justice and fair dealing with smaller nations are forgotten.

"I've got the power and I'll use it in spite of what any God or man may say" is his attitude to life.

**And God won't stop him because, if He did, He would be acting contrary to His nature and contrary to all His dealings with His children and with you and me.**

God must hate it all—the evil behind this use of force, the misery and suffering of His children, the sorrows of the people of Poland.

But, because He has given man free will, He has limited His Almightiness.

This doesn't mean, of course, that God is outside it all; just watching and doing nothing. He is our Father and as such He is putting forth His Almighty Love to help His children to see the evil of all this belief in force rather than justice and right dealing.

**We have gone into the war not because we believe in force but because we believe that it is evil and that justice, freedom, right dealing and love are worth dying for; without these life is not worth living.**

**Never before, I think, has evil been so blatantly put before the world: this thing, as St. Paul said, is "spiritual wickedness in high places."**

### It Has Been Forced on Us

We hate war, we hate having to use force, we hate the whole business of people having to suffer, both allies and enemies alike; but we know it has been forced upon us by a man and a system which are evil.

There are, no doubt, many mixed motives behind our action, but we know that, at the back of things, we are doing it so that the world may be run on decent lines and men may live in peace and harmony with one another.

And in that sense we know that God is with us and will help us to use the spiritual weapons that He Himself uses to overcome evil.

All down the ages He has been fighting evil with spiritual weapons—with the love which was revealed by Jesus Christ even to death on the cross—and the more we use those spiritual weapons of love and sacrifice, faith and hope, the sooner will evil be conquered.

### In the Midst of it All

He will not use His Almighty Power to stop evil, but He is continually using His Almighty Love to inspire men to fight evil first in themselves and then in others, and we know that love will conquer.

One more thing must be said:

**God is not outside this struggle. He is our Father and, as I said before, He has to suffer with His children. "In all their afflictions He is afflicted."**

His is the hardest part. He is in the midst of all the suffering because He loves us all, Germans and allies alike. We are all His children.

**If you are suffering to-day, He is with you because He loves you; and He is there to help you through it all.**

As one of the grand Collects in the Prayer Book says: "Who showest thine Almighty Power most chiefly in showing mercy and pity."

Here is the Almightiness of Love which is incomparably finer than any Almightiness of Power.

## A GREAT SERVICE

### By "J. M."

*We can all do a very great service, by the way we express each thought,*
*By refraining from giving opinions, of how WE think the war should be fought;*
*By not arguing out situations, for the sake of something to say—*
*We can all do a very great service, if we act in this True British Way.*

*We can all do a very great service, if we will adhere to the rules,*
*For Dark Rumour, however exciting, shall not make our tongue her sharp tool.*
*For one scrap of Caution and Silence may become a Blockade of Gold,*
*Though that Great Little Service for Victory may never even be told.*

*We can all do a very great service, if we'll pray for the World's Wounds to heal,*
*Pray as we go about our jobs—there's no need to stop and kneel.*
*For our prayers are the Soul's Unseen Pamphlets, which will spread wide Humanity's Cause;*
*God grant they bring Peace to all Nations, and for Evermore End All Wars.*

## Commander H. Pursey, "John Bull's" Naval expert, draws his own conclusions from the war's first encounter between warships and bombers

# PLANE versus BATTLESHIP

AIRCRAFT is the only untried weapon of offence in naval warfare, and no other fighting problem caused so much violent argument among naval experts in pre-war days than the ability of bombing aircraft to incapacitate capital ships.

Flying enthusiasts argued that the bombers would drive battleships from the seas. Diving at high speed, throttles open to the full, to release bombs as near as possible to their objectives, they could not help causing irreparable damage.

Staunch admirals, walking the quarter-deck, maintained that any bomber who expected to attack a battleship and get away with it was a supreme optimist.

**And the first encounter between British battleships and Nazi bombers during the third week of the war went strongly in favour of the warships.**

It is significant that our naval men should have the best of the brush with a squadron of enemy bombers after confining the German navy to its harbours, sweeping their merchant ships from the seas and mastering the menace of U-boats and armed raiders

The abortive air attack was another instance of Britain's supremacy at sea.

Twenty aircraft were used, including flying-boats, bombers and, probably, fighters, to engage similar aeroplanes taking off at once from our aircraft-carrier to ward off attacks.

THE naval squadron included capital ships, an aircraft-carrier, cruisers and destroyers, twenty of the largest targets providing a most favourable opportunity for aircraft.

Weather was also on the side of the enemy, who were able to approach our ships unseen, behind considerable banks of high cloud.

**Although the encounter took place in the middle of the North Sea, the ships were handicapped in manœuvring to avoid being hit because they were escorting a damaged British submarine. Had they been drawn away from the crippled vessel, the German aircraft would have been able to concentrate their attention on her.**

**The main attack was delivered on the cruisers, which were some miles from the battleships, but with a justifiable respect for the efficiency of our anti-aircraft guns, the bombers kept at a height of 12,000 feet.**

**Not yet being a weapon of precision the bomb has little chance of hitting a moving target, especially a high-speed cruiser, from this height. An odd bomb may find a mark, more by accident than design. On this occasion, all fell in the "ditch."**

Deep-diving bombing attacks on battleships produced no better results, and it would seem that the pilots did not press home attacks.

Not only was the attack repulsed, but also our gunners inflicted severe damage. A flying-boat that was shadowing the squadron from astern, reporting its movements, was shot down by our aircraft. A second was reported damaged.

**Another aircraft came down in the sea, and a destroyer collected the crew of four as prisoners.**

**No British ship was hit. There were no casualties.**

**This did not deter the Germans from claiming, in a report that is typical of their false propaganda, that a British aircraft-carrier had been sunk and a British battleship severely damaged.**

This is another example of German airmen "seeing things"—a legacy of the Great War. A Zeppelin commander reported at the Battle of the Dogger Bank that the battle-cruiser *Tiger* had been sunk. Germans believed this until they suffered under the *Tiger's* guns at the Battle of Jutland.

ALSO, there is no excuse for the German lies about all their machines returning safely when one was shot down and the crew of another collected as "specimens" by our own naval men.

There is every reason to be pleased because in the first air encounter with our ships the Nazis should lose one-tenth of their attacking force.

They have long cherished an idea that this would be the best way to cripple our Navy, and Germans expected to inflict heavy damage by this surprise raid.

Nazi naval men have agreed that they would willingly sacrifice 200 aircraft in sinking a battleship. In this encounter, with numerous targets available, pilots could not score a single hit!

Nothing is more misleading than to count on bombing successes achieved in peace time being equalled in war.

The percentage of hits from gunfire, a far more accurate method of attack than bombing, was only 3 per cent. on both sides during Jutland.

Having served in three aircraft-carriers, I am confident that the percentage of bomb hits on well-defended warships at sea will also be small.

Flying enthusiasts, pointing to the number of our merchant ships sunk in Spanish waters by aircraft during the civil war, forget that these ships were defenceless. Aeroplanes could dive low and bomb them at will.

**I was among the few persons to see an attack on a warship in Spain, when seven aeroplanes attempted to bomb the *Almirante Cervera* off Santander. The cruiser zigzagged at high speed, blazing away with her anti-aircraft guns.**

**None of the 'planes was brought down, but the cruiser kept them at a considerable height, and all the bombs fell wide of the mark.**

BECAUSE the Admiralty did not issue news of the North Sea encounter until nearly three hours after German announcements, it was felt that naval authorities had deliberately delayed the information.

This was not so.

Aircraft surviving an attack on ships at sea will always be able to return to their bases and report long before ships arrive in harbour.

In reporting the encounter by radio, the senior officer of the squadron might give away his position to the enemy.

**Direction-finding apparatus can be used to determine the position of a ship transmitting a signal, and for that reason wireless silence is maintained at sea until it is absolutely necessary to break it. Such occasions are usually restricted to reports of sighting the enemy.**

WE learned many lessons from the first round of the fight between bomber and battleship.

Although definite conclusions should not be drawn from what was regarded by the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Charles Forbes, as merely an episode, twenty machines are but a small number for a serious air raid, the result of the encounter should do much to allay public misgiving about the vulnerability of warships to air attack.

Meanwhile, Germans are not enthusiastic about using surface ships in attacking anything more powerful than an armed merchantman.

They consider that submarine attacks on warships, which should, by all rules of strategy, be their main objective, are too risky, and that their only hope of damaging our fleet is by aerial attack.

So they cannot be feeling very happy!

*Of the lessons learned from the first round of the fight between bomber and battleship, most significant is that warships are not as vulnerable to air attack as the Nazis hoped*


## Important Notice

**To be sure of getting your copy of "John Bull" every week it is essential to place a regular order with your newsagent.**

**Readers who do not may be disappointed because, owing to difficulties of distribution, it is impossible to guarantee copies which have not been ordered in advance.**

**Avoid disappointment by placing a regular order with your newsagent now.**

# Are Pamphlets Any Good?

## Asks Hannen Swaffer

BRITISH aeroplanes have dropped millions of pamphlets on German soil. Leaflets have fallen, from the clouds, on towns and villages. They have littered fields, dropped on farmyards, been picked up in back-gardens.

Have they done any good? That we cannot tell.

We do know that some have been found on soldiers captured in France and on airmen brought to England. So it has not all been waste.

As far as we are concerned, the pamphlet-dropping has given us reassurance, proved that our airmen could fly unmolested right across Germany whenever they wished.

It has provided humour, as most things do in Britain. Two stories stand out.

One tells how an airman who had arrived home some hours late explained that he thought he was supposed to put the pamphlets in the letter-boxes.

The other is a conversation between a pilot and his observer:

"I forgot to untie the bundle."

"My God! You might have killed somebody!"

Then think of the jokes that have gone round the R.A.F. messes—"Hullo, here's old Carter Paterson come back safe!" . . . Pack up your pamphlets in your old kit-bag.' . . .

Pamphlet-dropping, interrupted by twenty-one years of Peace, ended the last war and began this one.

The Germans blamed their defeat, in 1918, on Northcliffe's propaganda machine, because they were ashamed of confessing that they had been driven off the seas and beaten on the field.

This time you cannot judge the effect. You can only wait and see.

Britain will not start air raids on open towns until her own are attacked—this although Germany has killed, in Poland, thousands of unarmed civilians, women and children, by aerial bombing and by machine-guns fitted in aeroplanes.

We know that every pamphlet dropped is a proof to Nazidom's serfs that their towns are open to attack by high-powered bombs.

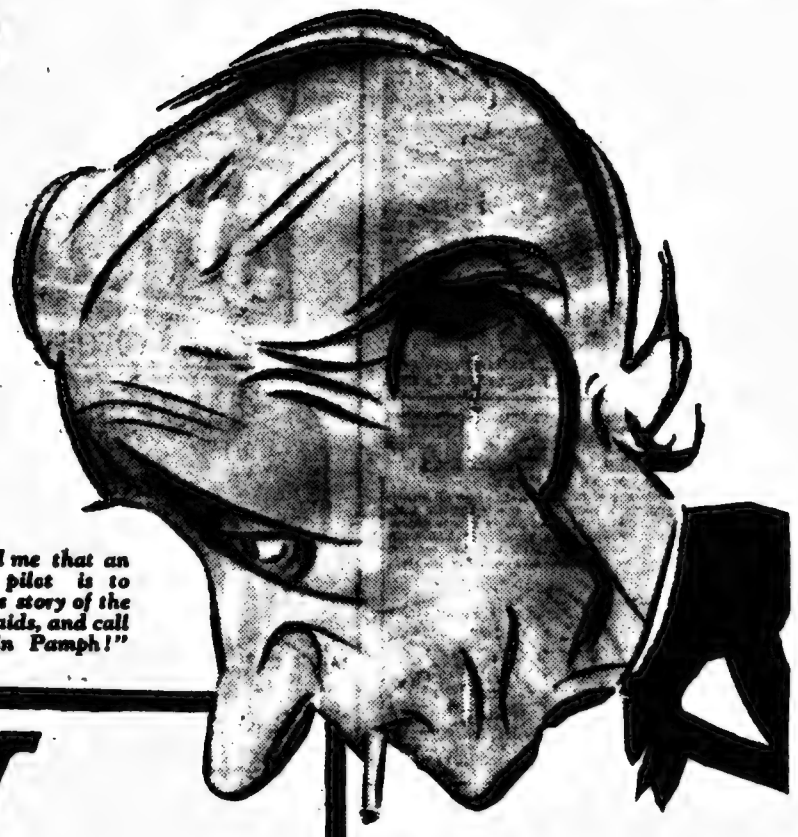
EVEN if a German is afraid to read the pamphlet, the falling of the paper is enough to warn him.

There has been much criticism of the pamphlets dropped.

"The wording is too long," some M.P.s say. "It should be a message which a person, afraid of death if he were caught reading, could master at a glance."

It was Lord Corvedale, Earl Baldwin's son—he is better known as Oliver Baldwin—who expressed to me another view. He said that, as the pamphlets were all of the same size and shape, they could be too easily recognised by Gestapo spies.

"I would have printed them on paper of all shapes, all sizes and all colours," he said.



*They tell me that an R.A.F. pilot is to write his story of the leaflet raids, and call it "Mein Pamph!"*

# If *I* wrote those Leaflets...

Then, as for the messages themselves, some have aroused cynical comment among experts in the German language.

The one which was a translation of Mr. Chamberlain's speech in Parliament had a very grave defect indeed.

It was intended to go to the hearts of the German people, supposed to appeal to their emotions. Alas! A German friend of mine who saw one of these leaflets laughed when he read the first two sentences.

It was a schoolbook translation from the English original, obviously the work of someone who could not speak colloquial German, but had drawn his knowledge from grammar books and syntax rules.

This leaflet was translated verbally, so much so that the English construction of the sentences—vastly different from the German phrasing — was retained.

Some expressions did not make sense. For instance, "What are the facts?" was translated into "Was sind die tatsachen?" A popular English phrase has been interpreted verbally, as it stood, into a most unusual combination of words which Germans do not use.

It should have been translated into the ordinary language of the man in the street.

THERE were other flagrant examples too difficult to explain in a short space. Anyway, the language used was stilted, artificial and unreal.

It would cause resentment in the mind of intelligent Germans, and ridicule or wonder among the less educated.

Now what should we say on a pamphlet?

If we could sit down in a beer-garden with an ordinary German—that is, if we were sure that no Gestapo spy were lurking in the bushes or disguising himself as a waiter—we could do a lot of arguing.

You can't, however, say it all in a pamphlet. Long before a German had finished reading it the Gestapo would have kicked him in the neck.

I do not think you can get much fact into minds which for six years have read and heard only Nazi lies.

No, all you do, I am almost sure, is to drive home the lesson of the leaflets, as such.

Still, my message to the German people would be:

**"This pamphlet might have been a bomb. It might have killed you! We want to save you.**

**"Get rid of Hitler and be free, as we are.**

**"Hitlerism is doomed. The whole world hates it. Once it is destroyed. Germans can make an honourable peace and enjoy, with the rest of mankind, the blessings of all that peace means.**

**"THIS LEAFLET MIGHT HAVE BEEN A BOMB. Instead, it is a sign of friendship."**

*Imaginary Interviews on the Black-Out Bus*

# 'Raeder' Sunk Without Trace

FARES, please! Wot's that, Sir? Don't know where you're going, but you're going all the way? Well, that's up to you, if I may say so!

You look like a naval man, if I may say so, Sir? Not like one of our men quite, but still sort of nautical and 'ighly starched.

Old Von Tirpitz, "Sink-on-Sight Tirps" they called 'im, once took a ride on this 'ere bus, and you remind me of 'im.

Old Tirps pretty well lost the last war for 'is country, if you ask me. Yus, I know 'e came near to starving us out. I know 'is . . . er . . . 'is *perishing* U-boats played the devil with our tramps and merchant hookers at the start.

"Sink without trace and sink without mercy!" was 'is motto, and that was agin' the law to begin with.

But when 'e put the capper on 'is own dirty game was when 'e began to sink neutrals just the same as British ships.

At last, you remember, Sir, 'e sank the *Lusitania* after 'is German agents in New York 'ad *warned* the United States they meant to get 'er.

Blimey, that tore it! America would 'ave kicked up a 'ell of a dust about the *Lusitania* without any warning at all. When they *knew* it was deliberate, why they nacherally got fighting mad.

'oo's the bloke in charge of the German Navy now?

Eric Raeder, you say?

And a nice name, too—Eric, or "little by little," and Raeder, pronounced "raider," or blooming pirate!

Remember wot they said about the Bourbons, mister? "They learn nothing and they forget nothing!" It's just the same with the Germans. They've never forgotten "frightfulness," and they've never learned that it loses wars.

Wot's that you say? "When a country's navy is afraid to put to sea, its submarines 'ave every right to 'arass the enemy's shipping?" Sure, they 'ave!

Poor devils! why shouldn't they pop up now and again, give fair warning, and sink one of our boats after seeing the crew is safe?

Blimey! A short life and a gay one, says I.

But you know and I know, mister, they can't go far with that caper.

We dished the submarines last time with convoys and patrols and Q-boats and depth charges. This time we've got all that outfit twice as strong, and aeroplanes to spot 'em into the bargain.

That's why one or two submarines 'ave come up for air already, 'eisted the white flag, and waited to be took.

That's why this Eric Raeder, the new Von Twerps 'oo 'as learnt nothing and forgot nothing, is all out to-day to start the old racket of "sink on sight and damn the consequences," before the rest of 'is U-boat commanders get cold feet.

That's why 'e's 'ad the nerve to warn America again!

'E started this war by sinking a liner full of Yanks going back 'ome. Give 'im time and 'e may sink another. And if that 'appens, 'e's sunk!

Uncle Sam 'asn't got much love for old 'Itler and 'is gang as it is.

Let 'em sink an American ship and they'll sink neutrality itself without trace. They've got Sweden 'opping mad already, and every other neutral feeling everything else *but*.

You'd think they was *trying* to set the whole world against them.

"You 'ave nothing more to say on the subject? No, nor me neither. Nothing but this: I wouldn't be skipper of a U-boat if they was to double my pension. And I wouldn't 'ave Eric Raeder's job if they was to offer me the succession to 'Itler 'imse l.

# JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

**EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 19.**

## "OK" British BARGAIN

*Wonderful* **BALE** *30/- Value for 20/- to "John Bull" readers. Read the Guaranteed Contents:—*

20/- Complete Post, Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

1 Superior Sateen or Art Silk Wadded Down Quilt, full 6 x 8 ft. size. 2 Heavy Twill Sheets 80 x 60, for hard wear. 2 Heavy Yorkshire White Rained Blankets, full size 80 x 60. 1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket, 64 x 72. 1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Q.-lt. 90 x 70 (White or Coloured). 1 Ladies' 7/6 Hse Overall. 2 White Pillow Cases, coloured embroidery, Pink, Blue, Gol', 22 x 18.

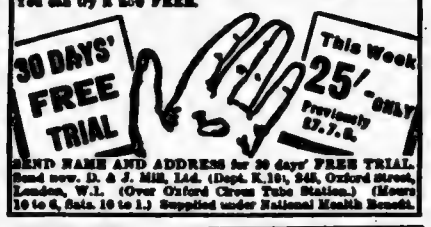
*Illus. Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

**F. HOLGSON & SONS (J.B.), Wortley Road, LEEDS.**

## DEAF

**NATIONAL SAFETY**

It is essential for the safety of all concerned to hear all Signals correctly. Don't run extra risks. Our new Silver De Luxe model non-battery smallest invisible earphone is now offered to you at the specially reduced price, viz., £5/5/-. Thousands are already helped by this amazing little aid that requires no batteries, no wires, no renewals, and is quite invisible. You can try it now FREE.




SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. Mill, Ltd. (Dept. K.10), 245, Oxford Street, London, W.1. (Over Oxford Circus Tube Station.) (Hours 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.) Supplied under National Health Benefit.

## LITTLEWOODS Special Bargains

Men's Black Oxford Shoes. Made from highest-grade materials. You'll be wise to order these now!

Sizes: 5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½, or 11. State your size. Enclose this advertisement with cash.

Money Back Guarantee!

**12/6** PAIR POST FREE

*Littlewoods*

DIRECT MAIL DEPT. J2 EARLE ST., LIVERPOOL, 3.

## 1 WAY BEDCHAIR

FULL SIZE

Easy Chair Lounge Chair Full-length Bed Fireside Seat

**21/-**

69 in. long when extended. 25in. wide. Solid oak. 3 velvet cord cushions any colour: turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Catalogue J. Cash or 1/- weekly H.P. Carriage Paid home. 2/6 Ferry, Scot. and Wales.

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADERS CO., LTD. 52, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1

## FAMOUS PIANO ACCORDIONS SAVE POUNDS

SELLING OFF! Owing to crisis entire stock must be sold within next few days. Desperate prices! Amazing bargains! Callers welcomed—open till 5 p.m. ALVARI 25 piano, 12 bass, £1/10/0! HOHNER 25 piano, 24 bass, £3! CRUCIANELLI 34 piano, 36 bass, £3! SCARLATTI 34 piano, 48 bass, 3 voice coupler, £4! FRASCINO 34 piano, 80 bass, 3 voice coupler, £5! PIETRO 41 piano, 120 bass, 3 voice coupler, £6! SOPRANI 41 piano, 120 bass, 4 voice coupler, £7/10/0! BERTINI'S, PAOLO SOPRANI'S, SALANTI'S, BOOCHERINI'S—all same reductions. Cash or terms and part exchanges. Write for full lists.

**FRANCIS (J.B.6), 37/39a, ESSEX ROAD, LONDON, N.1.**

## H. SAMUEL WATCHES

*Rank high for Service!*

The EXACTIMA Lever movement, chrome case, guaranteed . **15/-**

SOLID GOLD WATCH. Dainty design. Reliable tested movement. Guaranteed accurate timekeeping . . . **42/-**

A speciality 'ville' is which, hermetically sealed, dust and rain proof, guaranteed . . . **25/-**

Not only good timekeepers, but good timekeepers in the face of most trying conditions—that's the special advantage of H. Samuel watches.

**H. SAMUEL** 82 Branches throughout Gt. Britain. *The Empire's Largest Jeweller. Headquarters: Market St., Manchester, 1.*

H. SAMUEL'S Direct-from-Factory Cash Prices save you up to 50%! Look at these super-watches for Active Service, sturdy in case and movement, tested by his experts and guaranteed for lasting accuracy! His BIG FREE BOOK contains hundreds more, also real Diamond Rings from £2/-, lovely jewellery and silverware and cutlery. Everything offered on 30 days' FREE TRIAL. There is an H. Samuel shop in all large towns.

**FREE!** H. Samuel's new book of GOOD Watches for Active Service, Diamond Rings, Jewellery, Silverware, Clocks, Cutlery, and other Fine Presents.

Post to H. Samuel, Dept. 128, Market St., Manchester, 1.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

*(Post in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp.)*

## THE LATEST FROM U.S.A. FLAMELESS LIGHTER

**3/9** POST 3d.

INCREDIBLE TO ANY SMOKERS

Further consignment from World's Fair Surplus. Order makes such amazing offer possible. Place lighter to cigarette and draw—that's all! No sparks, flame, smoke or smell, yet gives quick, positive light EVEN IN A GALE OR DOWNPOUR. Works every time. The ideal "Black-out" Lighter. Smaller than lipstick. Usually 6/6. Our price only 3/9, post 3d., complete and ready for use. Send P.O. 4/- NOW or call.

*Trade Inquiries Invited*

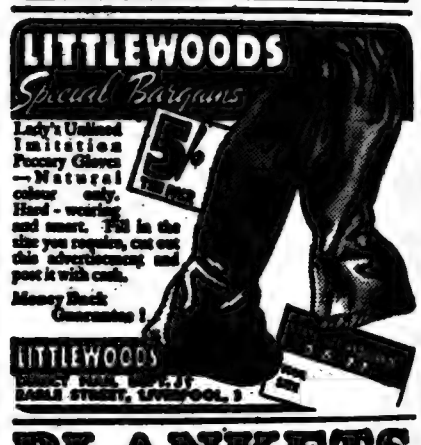
**MODERN PRODUCTS (Dept. J.B.).** 45, Berners St., London, W.1. *Telephone: MUS 0256*

## A NATIONAL FREE GIFT

Your Gas Mask came to you Free and so should your Gas Mask Container, and we have decided to give all our clients one Free of all cost. Now that the cold and damp days are upon us we are including with every purchase of one packet of 10 of our Sheffield Steel Razor Blades, 3 holes or slotted, no increase in price while stocks last, the Illustrated Rexl Container. Strongly made of real well and weave material. Unprecedented value. To all purchasers. Send 1/6, which includes package and postage to secure blades and mask container by return, no more to pay. With four packets of blades, nine mask containers free. WHOLESALE ENQUIRIES NOT INVITED.

**G. DAVIES (Dept. J.B.E.H.2), Government Contractor EXCEL HOUSE, WHITCOMB STREET, W.C.**

## LITTLEWOODS Special Bargains



Lady's Unlined Imitation Peccary Gloves —Natural colour only. Hard-wearing and smart. Fill in the size you require, cut out this advertisement and post it with cash.

Money Back Guarantee!

**5/-** THE PAIR

LITTLEWOODS DIRECT MAIL DEPT. J.7 EARLE STREET, LIVERPOOL, 3

## LITTLEWOODS Special Bargains

Heavy Flannelette Blankets—full double-bed size. Order more than one pair of these NOW—they'll be hard to get at any price later on! Enclose this advertisement with cash.

Money Back Guarantee!

**12/6** PAIR POST FREE

*Littlewoods*

DIRECT MAIL DEPT. J4 EARLE ST. LIVERPOOL 3

## BLANKETS

**IDEAL FOR EMERGENCIES**

**SPECIAL DOUBLE WEIGHT WHITE, AIR FORCE BLUE, ROSE, OR HEATHER MIXTURE.**

**5/-** PAIR Postage 6d.

Double Bed Size, Bordered and whipped Edges, Warm and enduring. 5/- Per Pair, post 6d.

2 pairs 10/-, post 9d.
4 pairs 20/-, carr. pd.

*State alternative colour required when ordering.*

**MANCHESTER BLANKET CO.** (Dept. J.B.1), 128, ECCLES NEW ROAD, SALFORD, 5. *All British*

## Restore the beauty of your RED TILES with

That deep rich red colour which is the charm of Red Tile and Composition floors can be maintained by using Cardinal Polish. Also excellent for Brick and Cement Paths, Front Steps, etc.

Will Not Wash Off in the Rain. Also in Cream, White, Green, Buff, Transparent, etc. Of all Dealers.

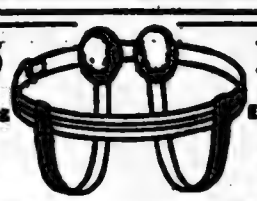
**CARDINAL POLISH**

LARGE TINS, 6p & 1/-

CP/DQ/3

## 10/6 SINGLE Ex. Strong 15/- In Silk Elastic 17/6

## 15/6 DOUBLE Ex. Strong 22/6 In Silk Elastic 26/-



Postage 4d. Postage 4d.

We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Rupture Appliances. Consisting of a strong elastic body band fitted with soft unpronounceable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once, stating size round body and whether left, right, or double rupture.

A Customer writes:—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable. *Supplies through Approved Societies.*

**LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dept. B92), Craven House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.**

## BINOCULARS

THESE 8 CM. PATTERN BINOCULARS are amazing value at our low price and SUCH EASY TERMS. Ideal for Sports and Race Meetings, Holidays, Theatres, etc. LONG RANGE & HIGH POWER LENSES, wide angle vision, particularly clear definition. Centre screw focusing. Bending bar allows for width adjustment. Black morocco finish, highly plated metal parts. COMPLETE WITH STRAP and DUST-PROOF CARRIER. Sent by return against 6d. DEPOSIT (plus 6d. postage) and 1/- weekly until 12/- is paid, or cash with order 10/6.

**Wm. PENN, LTD., (Dept. J.B.B.), 622, Holloway Road, LONDON, N.19.**

## TRANSPARENTLY SIMPLE!

HERE'S A CUTE IDEA THAT DESERVES SUCCESS

HERE'S the slickest, safest idea for doing up your toothbrush so as to keep it safe from dust and germs—it's the "Streamline" Case in which you now get your Halex toothbrush. This is a smooth hygienic container moulded from transparent plastic material. It's made in two halves, the brush is popped inside, and then the two halves are cleverly sealed together. Simple, isn't it? And it ensures that your toothbrush is to your bathroom shelf as clean and safe as it was when it left the Halex factory. The new "Streamline" Case is beautiful as well as efficient, as you'll find when you see it in all the shops. It's the first time that it has been seen in this country.

## GIFTS FOR ALL

***—and How to get them***

**SEND FOR THIS FREE GIFT BOOK**

IN every packet of Fry's Cocoa is included a free gift coupon, one to give you a flying start towards your collection which can be exchanged for useful free gifts. Hundreds of wonderful gifts which can be obtained are illustrated in the Fry's Free Gift Book which every John Bull reader can get FREE! Send a postcard (postage ½d.) to J. S. FRY AND SONS, Ltd. (Dept. GA), Somerdale, Bristol. It will bring, by return, a copy of the free gift book. Also one gift Coupon to start your collection!

## Put it in his KIT BAG

## CASH THE COUPONS

**"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON**

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. Pocket clip 3d. extra.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 2/3 EXTRA, incl. Clip. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.*

Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT, 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

**A "JOHN BULL" PEN**

There is nothing that he will appreciate more than a "John Bull" pen—a useful and lasting memento that will make writing home a pleasure.

Cash the coupons now

## LITTLEWOODS Special Bargains

Blue Calf Tab Courts, scarcely laced. Built Cuban heels. Buy them now for future needs and save money!

Sizes: 2, 2½, 3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6, 6½, or 7.

State size and send advertisement with cash.

Money Back Guarantee!

*Littlewoods*

DIRECT MAIL DEPT. J3 EARLE ST. LIVERPOOL 3

POST FREE **12/6** PAIR

# BOGUS MAJOR'S LOVE LIES

**Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS' WEEKLY WARNINGS**

BEHIND the disappearance of an A.R.P. warden from Slough, Buckinghamshire, after he had deceived a local woman and obtained a car by fraud, is the latest exploit of one of the craftiest crooks in the country.

He was supposed to be "Lieut.-Commander Burgess, late of the Royal Navy," but I can reveal that his name is Andrew Herbert White, who has been seven times in jail.

Still in possession of the car, he is now no doubt playing the same game elsewhere using a different name. He left many debts unpaid at Slough, and borrowed money from an uncle of the woman he duped.

This energetic retired naval officer, as he was thought to be, impressed everyone with his organising ability.

After intimating that he was buying a house, he advertised for a housekeeper. That's how he met the woman he deceived. He engaged her as a housekeeper and later said he was in love with her.

Marriage arrangements were made. Furniture and an expensive car were ordered from a London firm.

When the salesman delivered the car the bank was closed. "Burgess" borrowed a cheque from a fellow A.R.P. official.

By the time the cheque was found to be worthless the charming warden and the car had vanished. He disappeared after taking his housekeeper-fiancée and her uncle to Portsmouth to arrange for one of their relatives to be given a commission in the Navy.

He made out that an admiral friend of his "who would arrange everything" was at sea, but was expected back in port in a few days' time.

When last I heard of him White was posing as "Major Herbert White, D.S.O." He did well in the South African and in the last war, but for the last twenty years he has swindled for a living.

Generally he has posed as an ex-Army or Naval officer, and most of his victims have been women to whom he offered marriage.

Once he went to the extent of making elaborate plans for a wedding at St. Michael's Church, Bournemouth. Beforehand, he obtained money from the bride and her relations under various pretexts. The day before the marriage he feigned a sudden seizure. That gave him time to do his vanishing trick.

## Watch 'em

SMALL shopkeepers should watch for "Inspector Wells" of the "Food Control Council."

There is no such organisation, and the masquerading inspector has been identified as a rogue with many convictions and about thirty aliases.

Pretending that he is authorised to inspect stock, he rifles the till when the owner's back is turned. He has been busy in the West Country.

* * *

### Petrol Coupon Thief

Beware, too, of petrol coupon thieves.

A man, flourishing an official-looking document, is calling at houses collecting coupons "because a complete reissue is to be made."

Choosing a time when husbands are likely to be at work, he has managed to bamboozle many wives.

A big haul was made in the Edgware district of London.

* * *

### Changed His Lair

A. E. Colbourn, the slippery scoundrel who fleeces people in financial difficulties of fees when pretending to help them, has left his New Cavendish Street, London, address.

He is now operating from Station Parade, Rayners Lane, Pinner, Middlesex.

* * *

### Jail for a Bully

Thomas James Mayo, a big bully I had already exposed, was in the front line of the street accident touts and swindlers, who have become more active than ever.

I'm glad he did not have a long run.

He has just been sent to jail for twenty months.

* * *

### Stock Cheats Again

Bankrupt stock cheats have pounced on traders compelled to close down through the war.

They are taking over premises and making out that they are offering "Bankrupt War Stock" at bargain prices.

Actually goods rushed to the shops are faked and worthless.

## IT'S ALL GAS

A. H. WOODCOCK, of 24, Princeville Road, Bradford, calls himself a "Naturopath." I call him a blatant fee-snatcher.

With lots of preamble on the lines of "Hitler Must and Will be Crushed," he is offering—for 10s.—what he describes as "a reliable anti-poison gas filtrate that will render harmless all poison gases with the exception of mustard gas."

He pretends to know how that hideous thing can be overcome in a simple manner!

Extra bait is a promise that what is left of the 10s., after deducting the actual cost of service, would be devoted to aged persons distressed by the war.

What philanthropy!

## He Should Know . . .

"DO you know," ask Parker and Harris, of Balham Hill, London, S.W., "that the person who delivered this circular could have opened your door and entered your house in your absence?"

The circular, so dramatically introduced, discusses the offer of an "ingenious device" which, it is claimed, will make your door completely safe.

It's so easy these days for the housebreaker apparently.

"Using the latest scientific method," it is stated, "a door is opened without noise or sign of forcible entry with just a small piece of celluloid."

Householders receiving the circular are told that if they doubt the ease with which a door can be opened they should ask the firm's representative to prove it by demonstration.

On second thoughts, a postscript is added to explain that because of the danger of imitation it is in the interests of the public that agents have been forbidden to demonstrate the method.

So you are asked to buy the safety device for 2s. and forget all about burglars.

Well, Leslie Cranfield Parker, one of the partners of this enterprising firm, should know all about it. He has been three times convicted for house-breaking and fraud!

Perhaps that is why his company is not registered under the Business Names Act.

## Send Him Back to Vienna

B. J. KOPELOWICZ, of alien origin, trading under the imposing title of Wood-Concrete and Waste-Reclaiming Industries, Ltd., of 6, Old Gloucester Street, London, W.C., needs watching.

Don't think he is a spy, or anything like that. I've been doing the spying, and what I discovered makes me all the more astonished at the ease with which men of this kind can start dubious trading concerns in this country.

*B. J. Kopelowicz, who came from Vienna*

Kopelowicz has induced a number of people to put money in his hollow ventures. And they look like losing it all.

And he has had the impertinence to try to wring a further £1,000 out of a group of shareholders who had resigned themselves to saying good-bye to their savings!

The reason given is that this cash deposit is due under some bond relating to the Wood-Concrete and Waste-Reclaiming Industries, Ltd. It was demanded in three days!

When he floated this company, which he registered under the Friendly Societies Acts, Kopelowicz said big profits would be made out of an invention he first exploited in Vienna for making a tremendous saving in house building costs.

The idea was supposed to have occurred to him when, as a boy, he saw a disastrous fire!

Investors' money was snared by a cunningly written article in "The Monthly Pictorial," a spurious publication issued spasmodically to boost anyone willing to pay.

Kopelowicz made great use of this bogus publicity to float his companies.

Not surprising that the police have had complaints about this man.

## PREPOSTEROUS PRINCE

"PRINCE PAUL SALVATOR PIAST-RIELESKI, aged 55, now in this country," reads a newspaper description of a man who gave a Liverpool newspaperman various prophecies about the outcome of the War.

"Now in this country" is rich.

This impostor has been here for years. He's been here far too long, in fact, and he managed to obtain British naturalisation some time ago.

Far from being the last descendant of a Polish dynasty in Silesia, as he claims, he is a German by birth. His name is Riedal.

It is disgraceful that he should be allowed to collect fees of anything from £5 upwards from people foolish enough to imagine that he can enrol them as "Chevaliers" of his bogus "Order of Piast."

He carried on this racket from London and Bath for a time, but now he seems to have established himself in Liverpool.

### Public Benefactor

In time of war, as in peace, scandals must be exposed.

So do not hesitate to write to me.

Mr. H. E. Smith, of Long Lane Road, Northampton, secures this week's £1 1s.

Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

## Stop It!

THE R. and S. Trading Company, of Hanover Yard, Noel Road, London, N., has issued a red notice headed "National Importance. RAGS."

"We have," it is said, "been authorised by the Ministry of Supply to continue with our collections.

This company, no doubt, carries on a perfectly legitimate business.

But to infer, as this notice does, that it is in some way acting for a Government Department is the kind of misuse of the present situation that should be stopped.

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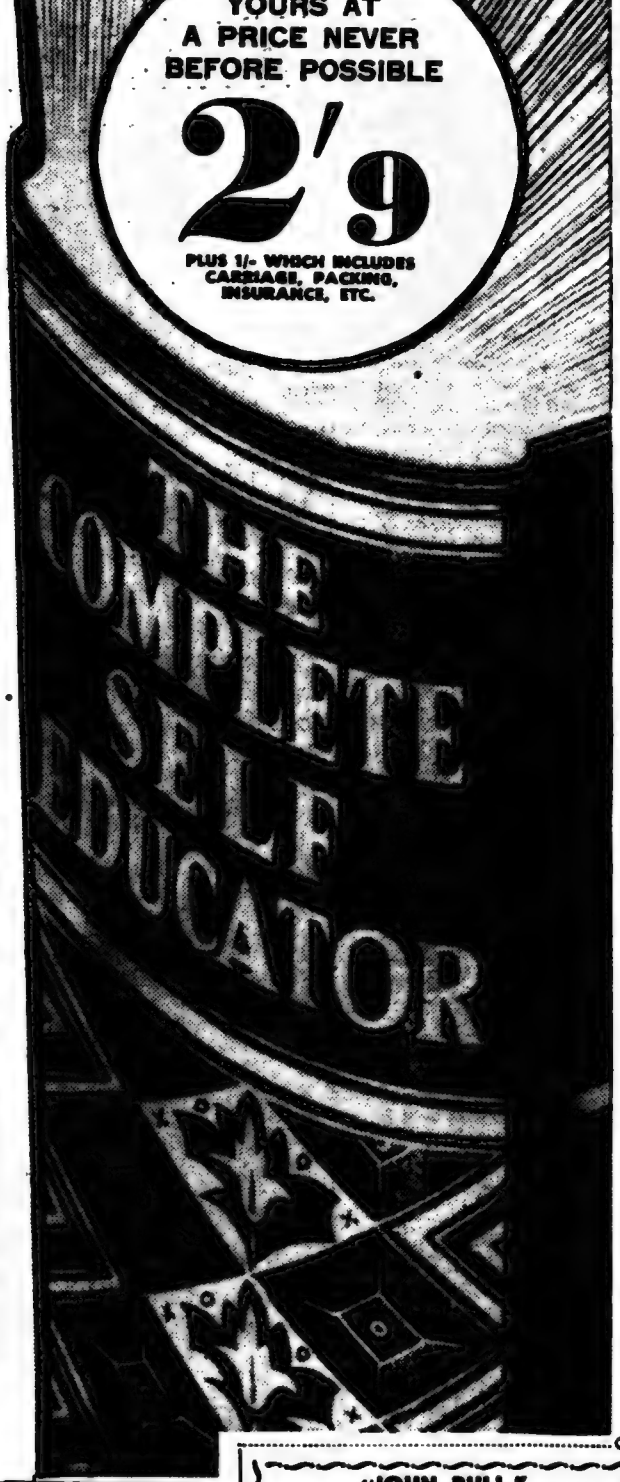
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J.C.2

# VOICE of the PEOPLE

*This page is devoted to the views of "John Bull" readers. It is the arena in which they can challenge their adversaries, voice their opinions and defend their pet theories.*

*This page gives everybody the opportunity he wants to tell the world.*

*This page is Your page. And we pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. for each published photograph submitted by a reader to illustrate his letter.*

*The address is "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Send a stamped addressed envelope if you want a photograph returned.*

WHEN the black-out became part of our lives, my daughter suggested that as a soldier of the last great war I should teach her how to act in air raids.

So every night I "visualise" certain emergencies, and the rest of the family take part in the mock raids.

**We are all most efficient at our appointed tasks now, and should there be trouble we would act quickly and without panic.**

We are ready for any emergency.—K. E. J., Doncaster, Yorkshire.

**While such families as this become fully prepared for any eventuality, other letters show there is still a lot to be learned by many people about Air Raid Precautions.**

## Watch on Waste

Thousands of tons of cornstalks, collected on farms throughout the country in recent weeks, should be carefully preserved, and not used for unconsidered farmyard purposes.

**Cornstalks contain cellulose, such as you find in wood fibre or cotton, from which paper can be manufactured.**

A sugar substitute, xyclose, wood alcohol, acetic acid and other useful war time products can be obtained from many common substances.—W. E. Wright, Cheshire Hay, Staffordshire.

**Although there is no fear of our being driven into Germany's position of having to use synthetic materials for clothing and food, there is every reason for preventing wastage of any kind. Despised substances may contain essential chemicals.**

## An Earful

Noise causes most of the panic and shocks in air raids, according to those who have lived through them in Warsaw and Barcelona.

An expert tells me that a little cotton-wool in the ears relieves the strain on the nerves.

It might be useful to keep cotton-wool in gas-mask holders.—E. H. Whitefield, Manchester.

**Experienced gunners automatically open their mouth to reduce the shock of concussion during an artillery engagement. People caught in an air raid will find themselves doing the same if they are without cotton-wool for their ears.**

## November 11?

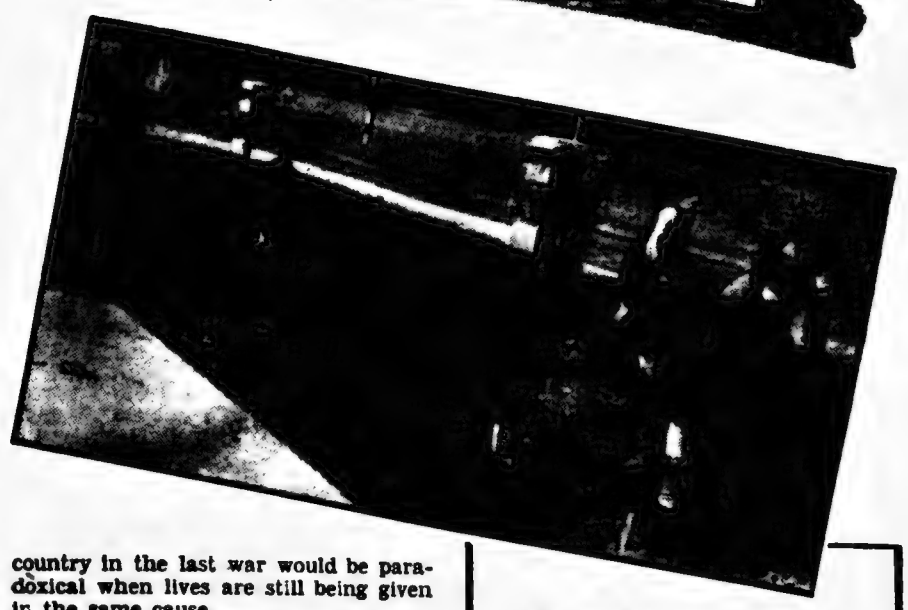
Surprised by the desolate appearance of the Cenotaph in Manchester, I began wondering what is going to happen on November 11 this year.

**There were no flowers around the Cenotaph. And men and women were hurrying around that symbol of heroism, forgetting its significance, even forgetting to touch their hats or to salute.**

**Maybe, that is an indication of what is to happen on "Armistice Day."**

To have the usual two minutes' silence in honour of the men who died for the country in the last war would be paradoxical when lives are still being given in the same cause.

Yet we cannot forget our heroes.—Mrs. R. Stelfox, Flixton, Manchester.



## Patriots at Home

**When war was declared, a local family began rationing their meals. They gave produce saved from the weekly shopping to a family whose breadwinner was without work.**

I know of no more unique act of patriotism. — K. John, Penygroug, Rhondda, Glamorgan.

**Such acts as these, done quietly in a spirit of patriotism, win wars and preserve the morale of the people.**

## No Stones, Please

**Shortage of sand makes it imperative that sandbags for protecting vital buildings should be filled with earth, but I advise volunteers doing the necessary digging not to allow any stones to be emptied into the bags.**

When I saw volunteers in a London park leaving large stones in the earth with which they were filling the bags, I remembered that Spanish refugees had told me how such stones flew out when their improvised sandbags were hit by shell splinters, and often injured people seeking protection.—E. M., Holland Park, W.

**Local authorities must be careful in finding substitutes for sand, and those filling bags must also show some discretion.**

**Otherwise, they will turn "sandbags" into a positive dangtr. This was proved many times during the last war when sandbags containing stones "exploded."**

## Schoolboys Set Good Example

**People still hesitating about turning their flower-beds and lawns into vegetable gardens might take inspiration from these schoolboys "somewhere in England."**

**They are cultivating land once devoted to flowers on the edge of a playing field.**

**Each boy has his own "allotment," and a master superintends the work.—F. B. Slade, Bristol.**

## Must be Destroyed

Cut out the cant about "poor German lads who are human like ourselves." Mailed Fist discipline is not resented by the average German, who is as keen on military training as the average Englishman is on football.

Hitlerism is merely another phase of a military scourge from which we must save the world. It will not be easy. It will take a "post-war" generation to destroy it, just as it took a "post-war" generation to create it. And cant will not help us.—J. Grave, Salford, Lancashire.

**Germany's record upholds this point of view. She is either very unlucky with her leaders or else the world's most belligerent nation.**

**We cannot go on suffering from either of them.**

## Family Challenge

An aunt of mine, completing her eighty-seventh year this month, was born in 1852 when her father was eighty years of age. He was born in 1772.

Usually a generation is reckoned as being thirty years, but these two cover 167 years—not out.—A. Robertson, Dundee.

**JOHN BULL wonders whether this record can be beaten.**

# War Measures—and YOU

## By a Barrister M.P.

*"John Bull" has arranged with a Member of Parliament, who is also a Barrister, to explain the meaning of Forty Acts of Parliament, passed since war began. He will advise those who are in doubt.*

WAR has created many acute difficulties for many of the people bound by hire purchase agreements, and the volume of requests for guidance that have been included in my postbag prove that the hire purchase business is enormous.

It seems that everything, from a fully stocked farm to a gas stove, can be bought by deferred payments.

By far the largest number of queries are from individuals unable to meet instalments on goods bought in this way.

The law on the subject is pretty comprehensive. Far too extensive, anyway, to be covered in one article.

I propose to deal this week as far as I can with the legal position of those in this situation, leaving mortgages on houses and lands (a particular form of hire purchase), as well as other points, to be dealt with later.

**You should write immediately to the collecting agency or firm informing them frankly of the change in your circumstances, and the reason for the change.**

You should give an indication of what you can manage to pay and at what intervals. Make it as much as you can. It has to be paid some day.

If you are in a category likely to be called up soon you should still write. It may save you and your family a lot of trouble and anxiety later on.

If your offer is reasonable, a good firm will accept. But don't worry if they refuse and threaten to retake the goods or to sue you.

If they sue, there is little doubt that the Courts will uphold you if your offer is genuine.

On the other hand, if they attempt to seize the goods, you should not part with them. The law gives you protection in this direction. I shall have to explain just what that protection is next week.

**If the total price you are paying for the goods was not more than: £500 if livestock, including poultry; £50 if a car or motor-cycle; or £100 if any other article, you have the protection, wholly or in part, of the Hire Purchase Act, 1938.**

**You have the full protection of this measure if the agreement was signed any time this year. Part protection if it was signed before last January.**

If your income has been reduced through the war, you also have the full protection of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, an outline of which I gave here two weeks ago.

And you have the protection of the Courts Act, whatever the date of the agreement, the class of article you bought, or the total price.

**This does not mean that you should ignore reminders about instalments being due. As long as the agreement subsists you still owe the money, and the sooner you come to terms with the dealer about wiping it off the better for both sides.**

There is one word of warning. Dealers are entitled to know where goods supplied under a hire purchase agreement are. Tell them if they enquire. You suffer heavy penalties for refusing this information.

# RIDDLE of the GERMAN ARMY

**By Our Diplomatic Correspondent**

ONE of these days, when his star is setting, Hitler will either blow out his fevered brains, or run away to a new Doorn, or be put out of his misery by his own henchmen.

Next day, I prophesy, the overlord of the Fatherland will be not Goering or Hess or any other Nazi, but a German general—and I think the name will be Keitel.

I make this forecast because of what I know about the German Army. Let me see if I can explain my point of view.

Our Army takes no part in politics. Since the days of our only dictator, Cromwell, it has remained strictly and completely the servant of the reigning Government.

Germany's Army, on the other hand, has always had a finger—often a whole fist—in the political pie.

It is true to say that, without Reichswehr backing, no Government has ever ruled Germany for long.

ALWAYS a self-ruling force, often controlling the country through a leader of its own choosing, and never entirely shut out from power, the Reichswehr is stronger than any political party.

Whenever a German Government has crashed, as the Nazis must crash eventually, the unscrupulous generals have emerged from the smoke and dust, still alive and active.

**Whenever a German Government has imagined that it was using the Army for its own ends, the generals have proved ultimately that the jack-boot was on the other foot—that they were marching behind the Government only while it was going their way.**

Look at what happened to the democratic Weimar Republic set up after the Great War.

THE generals promised it support so that it would permit them to build up their own strength again; but as soon as it tried to run counter to Army aspirations—which have always been autocratic, expansionist, and aggressive—the Junkers saw to it that the Republic fell.

Then they backed the agitator, Hitler, who had begun "public" life as a Reichswehr spy. The Army helped to put him where he is to-day.

By the Army, of course, I do not mean the millions of marching Jerries who do all the dirty work and get blown to bits for their pains.

I mean the insufferable officer class—the Junkers—the men of the smaller aristocracy.

**To these men, the Army is their god, and a very jealous god too. Not even Hitler can break their narrow traditions.**

**He tried to do so when, having won power with the tacit support of the generals, he decided to make the Army a blind instrument of Nazi policy.**

**Thousands of his S.S. Black Guards and S.A. Brownshirts were drafted into the Army as officers; the idea being to Nazify the Army.**

**What happened? Well, to-day those Nazis are now died-in-the-wool Reichswehr men. The generals saw to that.**

Hitler tried again when he "purged" the Reichswehr about a year ago. About a dozen Army leaders were deposed, and the biggest of all, von Fritsch, has since had his death arranged for him in Poland.

But the new generals were all Reichswehr men, and if Manfred von Brauchitsch, the present commander-in-chief, becomes too much Hitler's yes-man, they will see to it that he comes a cropper.

The mysterious freemasonry of the Reichswehr will not hesitate to smash him, even though he is part of it, if he is forced into a policy which might do it harm.

Brauchitsch, at the moment, is in the position of that other famous German general, Ludendorf, during the last war.

It was Ludendorf who led the Fatherland's hordes to victory against Russia in the East. His political importance grew with his military successes. He became so powerful, so involved in statecraft, that the Reichswehr could no longer trust him to put their selfish interests before all others.

So they saw to it that it was Hindenburg—their choice, not the nation's—who finally came out on top.

**To-day, von Brauchitsch has won the victories in the East, von Brauchitsch is the national hero, von Brauchitsch is delivering speeches and hob-nobbing with the political leaders.**

**But in the background behind this new Ludendorf, students of the German Army think they can detect a new Hindenburg.**

It is General Keitel, who holds a somewhat undefined position as member of the German War Council.

His name is hardly ever mentioned by the public. He cannot be associated with the frightfulness by which von Brauchitsch won the war in Poland. He is being "groomed for stardom."

If you think that the parallel is just coincidence, I remind you that Germans, and particularly German military men, do not allow coincidences. Everything is always "according to plan."

I do not mean that the generals have a plan for revolting against Hitler. They do not work that way.

**Their plan, I am sure, is ready for the day when others revolt against Hitler. It may be the people at home, it may be the rank-and-file of the Army.**

LAST time, you will remember, soldiers and marines made the revolution of 1918. The ordinary German soldier is his officers' slave, and therefore he hates his officers.

This time, instead of shooting a few captains and majors, I think he ought to aim higher up at the generals.

Otherwise, he may find, when all the smoke has cleared away, that the Junkers are still spinning their mysterious web, waiting for the flies to come into their parlour again.

# Goodbye to All That!

NOW that the Allies have reaffirmed their one essential war aim—to free Europe from the perpetual threat of force—the man in the street is supposed to know exactly what he is fighting for.

But does he?

Does he imagine, for instance, that it will be enough to "destroy Hitlerism" and end the Nazi dream of world dominion?

Does he think that this war, like the last, can be allowed to finish with a peace treaty which defines nothing but frontiers and secures nothing but an uneasy armistice?

JOHN BULL has no illusions of this kind. Our war aims go far beyond the immediate objective defined by Mr. Chamberlain and Monsieur Daladier.

We know that our first task is to smash the Nazi Government, and that neither bribes nor threats can turn us from it.

**But we also know that the overthrow of Hitlerism is just a demolition job, and we shall count no victory won until we have built the foundations of a new social system upon the ruins of the structure which now passes for "civilisation."**

FOR a quarter of a century we have been living in fear and insecurity. As the enemy massed his armaments abroad, so have we had to bear the increasing burden of armaments at home.

But that is not all. Here in our own country, we have submitted to the rule of greed and the yoke of unjust privilege. We have tolerated injustice and connived in exploitation.

Now is our opportunity to say "Good-bye to all that!"

Now is the time to declare the nobler and larger aims of the war against tyranny and greed wherever these twin evils hold men in bondage.

Good-bye to all that! Good-bye to the crazy "ideologies" which have no generous ideals! Good-bye to all the "isms"—Fascism, Communism, Bolshevism, yes, even Nationalism!—which have no valid meaning for anybody except those who preach them for their own advantage!

And good-bye, too, to gangsterism itself, which flourished long before Hitler and his gang drove us at last to war.

It has been said again and again that we are fighting "to save civilisation." Yes, but not this civilisation, for it is not worth the saving.

WHEN Lloyd George told us twenty-five years ago that Great Britain was to become a land "fit for heroes to live in," he coined a fine phrase since turned to ridicule by the bankruptcy of leadership and the selfish apathy of us all.

**OUR WAR AIM TO-DAY IS TO MAKE THE WORLD FIT FOR ORDINARY MEN AND WOMEN TO LIVE IN HAPPILY.**

**WE WANT TO SECURE A DECENT LIVELIHOOD TO EVERY WILLING WORKER IN EVERY COUNTRY AND A FAIR START IN LIFE FOR EVERY CHILD.**

We demand kindly treatment for the sick and generous provision for the old.

We must conquer poverty as well as "Hitlerism" and defeat privilege no less decisively than brutal aggression.

Hundreds of thousands of us are in servitude now to mere money-grubbers. Influence and seniority count for more than integrity and brains.

The wire-pullers and the grafters constantly defeat the ends of justice and the economaniacs cheat the poor to benefit the rich.

If this war is to be won we must say "Good-bye to all that!"

Beyond the shadow of a doubt the Allies will win the actual war against the visible enemy. We believe that the victory over human greed can be gained at less cost and with less effort.

Consider the War Budget. It calls for a national expenditure of some two thousand millions, and asks us to find nearly half of this colossal sum out of revenue.

It can be done and we shall do it.

**But can you imagine for a single moment that any peace time Government would have dared to fix income tax at seven-and-sixpence in the pound merely to fight poverty and injustice?**

Of course not, but that is because we have never declared war on these things ourselves. We have never elected a Government to fight them.

We must share the blame for tolerating unemployment and enduring slums and allowing the poor to hunger and the selfish to wax fat.

This time, if we are to believe Parliament, nobody will be allowed to make war fortunes—or, at least, nobody will be allowed to keep them.

As to the making of them, JOHN BULL has already warned its readers and the Government that profiteering is already in progress on a large scale, and that official stupidity in the terms of contracts practically encourages it.

We do believe, however, that nobody will be allowed to keep his war fortune after the war is over, not because of any politician's promise, but because the conscience of the community is at last aroused.

THE public, in fact, will not put up with war profiteering again. It would turn out any Government that dared permit it.

**And yet, until now, it has scarcely murmured against the profiteers of peace!**

JOHN BULL is not preaching Socialism or any other Party doctrine. It is not echoing the specious cry of "Soak the rich" merely because they are rich.

But it is declaring war on privilege and greed and selfish vested interest.

These are the enemies within our gates who must be overthrown with Hitlerism itself.

How can we count the war well won if it should leave us with the curse of increased unemployment and greater poverty?

Are we to fight for freedom and leave millions of our fellow men and women with their children free only to exist in weary idleness on a starvation diet?

Are we to battle against oppression only to protect our own oppressors, who underpay their workers and force their small competitors out of business?

Can we be content to defeat the Nazi bosses and leave our own bureaucrats and blunderers, our wire-pullers and social racketeers, and our careerist politicians more firmly in the saddle than they were before.

We will not and cannot believe it.

The nation is to-day united in a single purpose; it is prepared for any sacrifice; and it is counting no cost. And it will endure, come what may, until victory has been won.

**But it will not be satisfied with victory only on the field of battle.**

**When that comes, if not before, it will demand the fulfilment of the nobler war aims which we have here declared.**

IN 1918 our men came back from war and our women returned to normal work content to leave their future in the hands of the politicians They were betrayed.

They will not be betrayed a second time. They will not patiently bow their necks to the old yoke and meekly obey the orders of the old bosses.

It will be useless to tell the winners of this war that we can't afford to pay them all a fair, living wage, although we can afford to pay a niggardly "dole" to millions of out-of-works.

They will not put up with the old excuses. They will no longer tolerate the cruel extremes of wealth and poverty to which, shamefully, we have grown accustomed.

They are fighting for freedom and justice now. They are matched in desperate conflict with the super-bully of Europe and the might of an evil régime.

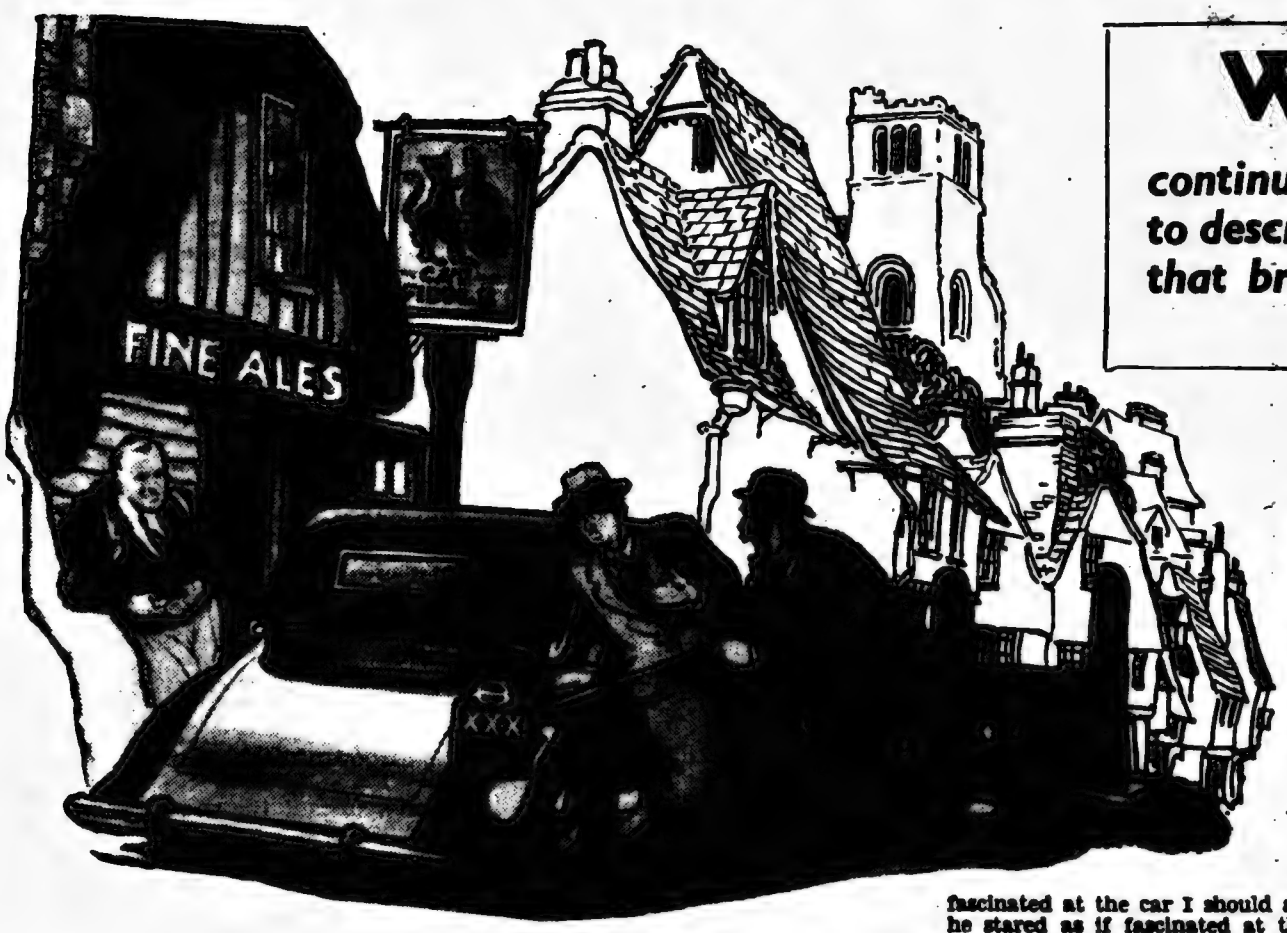
**BUT THEY ARE ALSO FIGHTING, WHETHER THEY REALISE IT OR NOT, TO DESTROY THE GREED AND CORRUPTION WHICH BREED TYRANNY.**

These twin enemies of mankind have prevailed for nearly two thousand years. Isn't it time at last to give Christianity a real chance?

*Sir John Simon's War Budget asks us to find nearly a thousand millions out of revenue. It can be done, but—*

## "Without Fear or Favour" By the EDITOR

# The Well-Read Man




**Will Scott**

***continues in these short stories to describe sparkling incidents that bring new zest in every-day life***

●*"Winchester?" asked Mr. Miggs, pointing to the number-plate. The astonished driver looked at his number-plate as though he had never seen it before in his life.*

IT was at Normanthorpe, not very far from the coast but far enough from London for it to seem to me that I had left the Metropolis in another world. June, with every leaf in Normanthorpe as big as it would ever be.

A nice little place where nothing can possibly happen. Queer old Norman church. Stocks. Quaint little pub.

Yes, quaint little pub. "The Cat and Fiddle" they called it.

I had walked I don't know how many miles that day, and if ever a man was ready for a rest I was at that moment. A rest, a glass of country brew, a hunk of home-made bread and a piece of nice cheese. The quaint little pub. looked the place for me.

I was, as a matter of fact, ready to stop the night if I could find pleasant quarters. But a rest first, and in "The Cat and Fiddle" no doubt they could give me information.

So there I slowed down.

As I did so two things happened, neither of them in the slightest degree out of the ordinary, or at least that's what you'd have said.

A car pulled up at the kerb and a man, walking towards me along the sanded pavement, stopped suddenly.

THE man was rather a remarkable-looking man in his way. There was an air of faded grandeur about him. At a guess, his loudish check suit had not been new for seven or eight years. His bowler, worn at a jaunty angle, was frayed at the brim. Frayed, too, were his cuffs.

I suppose he was what you would call a "character." But, all the same, a likeable sort of fellow, make no mistake about that. You took a fancy to him as soon as you saw him. I wasn't long in finding out that he was known as Mr. Miggs to everybody in Normanthorpe.

He stopped suddenly and stared as if fascinated at the car which pulled up at the kerb. Stared so intently that when the owner climbed out to the pavement he himself stopped and stared at Mr. Miggs.

When I say Mr. Miggs stared as if fascinated at the car I should say that he stared as if fascinated at the car's number-plate, which made me stare at the car's number-plate, too.

I forget the actual number after all this time, but I remember that the letters were XXX.

I must confess I saw nothing out of the ordinary in that, but it seemed to excite Mr. Miggs exceedingly. He was like a man on a desert island who suddenly sees a sail.

"XXX!" he cried, in a voice you could hear across the street.

"I beg your pardon?" said the astonished driver of the car.

"WINCHESTER?" said Mr. Miggs, pointing to the number-plate.

The astonished driver, as astonished as ever, looked at his own number-plate as if he had never seen it before.

"Why, yes," he admitted.

A strange light shone in the eyes of Mr. Miggs. More than ever he was like a man on a desert isle who suddenly sees a sail.

"Winchester . . ." he said with a sigh. And then, suddenly: "I was born in Bridge Street, almost opposite the statue of King Alfred."

"Really?" said the driver.

"Although," added Mr. Miggs with another sigh, "it's thirty-five years almost to the week since I saw Winchester last."

He stared at the car wistfully.

"It isn't many cars from Winchester that come to this part of the world," he said.

"As a matter of fact," the driver hastened to explain, "it's a Winchester car—I mean, registered in Winchester—but actually I come from Andover."

"Andover!" Mr. Miggs' eyes lit up again. "Andover!" he exclaimed. "I lived for five years in Andover."

"Really?" said the driver.

"Five years," Mr. Miggs nodded. "In Chantry Street. Well, this is remarkable! Meeting somebody from Andover after all these years! You know the 'Three Feathers'?"

"Rather," said the driver.

"Martin Frome still there?" asked Mr. Miggs.

"Not in my time," said the driver.

"Thirty-five years," said Mr. Miggs sadly, "is a long time."

"Look here," said the driver, "would you care for a drink?"

"That is exceedingly nice of you," said Mr. Miggs, and he led the way across the road up a little slope to the bar of "The Cat and Fiddle."

I followed slowly and got my quiet corner. I got, too, my glass of country brew, my hunk of home-made bread and a piece of nice cheese. I felt at peace with the world.

In another corner Mr. Miggs and the man from Andover were still comparing notes.

Did Mr. Miggs know old Cassidy, the man who ran the herb shop? Cassidy? . . . Cassidy. . . . Now, didn't he marry old Barnwell's daughter? Barnwell? Yes, Councillor Barnwell, wasn't it? Oh, well, that was going back a long time. The man from Andover had only been in Andover ten years.

"I suppose it's changed, and all the old-timers of my day gone," Mr. Miggs reflected sadly.

"Little did I think, thirty-five years ago, that I should be washed up in this out-of-the-way place, so far from all the old places I used to love."

"You don't get many people from the home town up here, then?" the man from Andover asked.

"Many?" Mr. Miggs shook his head thoughtfully. "I think I watch the number-plate of every car that goes through the village in the hope of establishing contact with somebody from 'home'—as I still think of it. But it isn't once in a year that I have any luck. It isn't once in two years. Not even three. The last time was three years ago. I was having my modest glass in here, where we are standing now. It was a summer's afternoon. Suddenly, what did I see but a red coach passing the inn here. A motor-coach, doing, no doubt, a tour of Britain."

"I know," said the man from Andover.

"SOMETHING BROTHERS, it was, I think," Mr. Miggs went on. "I forget the name now. But it was from Andover. I saw the word 'Andover' in gold letters on the side.

"I don't know what they thought of me here. I put down my glass. I ran out of the inn as quickly as my legs would take me. I ran down the slope and up the village street after that coach. I hoped it would stop. I wanted a word—just a word—with the driver or somebody in it.

"I wanted to ask about Martin Frome and 'The Three Feathers,' old George Barnwell and the boys I used to know. And the little house in Chantry Street. . . . But the coach didn't stop."

"Hard lines," said the man from Andover.

"Three years ago this summer that was," said Mr. Miggs, "and there's been nobody since—till you, to-day."

He put down his empty glass.

"I'm very, very sorry that I am unable to return your hospitality. . . ."

"That's all right," said the man from Andover. "Have another with me." He

(*Continued on page 20*).

**Backache**

**a symptom of**

**Sluggish Kidneys**

*"Every Picture tells a Story."*

**SUSPECT YOUR KIDNEYS** if you have backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains, stiff, swollen muscles and limbs, bladder weakness, urinary disorders or disturbed sleep.

These torments will vanish when the harmful impurities in the blood have been filtered out by active, healthy kidneys. Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills to strengthen your weakened kidneys. No other treatment is likely to make you well and keep you healthy.

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Mrs. S. Strickland, 2, Park Avenue, Upper Eastville, Bristol, says. "I was stiff and sore with rheumatism; it affected all my muscles and joints. My back was bad, too. I was always tired and depressed, while the water was unnatural and painful. I had to let my housework go. But upon taking Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills I picked up wonderfully. I felt better after taking the first box and so I continued using the pills until all the pains had gone.

*(Signed) S. Strickland.*"

1/3 3/- 6/-

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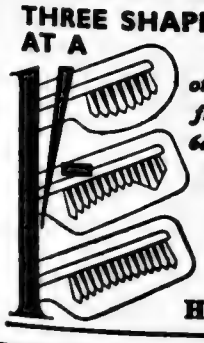

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*All in the 'Streamline' case*

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*Give your teeth a SHINE with*

# Gibbs DENTIFRICE

Standard size, in original case, 6d *(reduced from 7½d)*.
Large size, in art-ivory case, 2/- *Refills 9d (reduced from 11d)*.

*Prices U.K. only*

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To make this perfectly you must use BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

SULTANA CAKE

(from Borwick's new Recipe Book)

8 oz. plain flour
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Mix flour and Borwick's. Cream butter and sugar. Add gradually eggs and milk. Add sultanas, floured. Mix lightly. Place in a cake tin and bake for 1 hour in moderate oven. Use plain flour and Borwick's Baking Powder and so vary the raising according to the recipe. Good cooks get their good results this way.

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FOR HOARSENESS GO SUCK A ZUBE

Pkt. of 24 in Flat tins

Continuing Will Scott's Short Story

# The Well-Read Man Finds a New Victim

raised his voice and called: "Landlord, fill them up again."

"This is exceedingly nice of you," said Mr. Miggs.

They went on talking for five minutes or so, and then the man from Andover had to go.

"You don't know how much this meeting has delighted an old exile," said Mr. Miggs. "Give my love to the old place and everybody in it."

"I will," promised the man from Andover. "And the next time I'm in 'The Three Feathers' I'll think of you."

THEY shook hands and the man from Andover went on his way.

I had taken, as I have hinted, rather a liking to Mr. Miggs, and it was to him, now that he was alone, and not to the landlord of the house, that I addressed my enquiries as to a room for the night.

"Just for the one night?" said Mr. Miggs.

"Just for the one night," I replied.

"With, of course, breakfast?"

"With breakfast, of course."

Mr. Miggs considered the matter.

"I rather think," he said at last, "that my wife would accommodate you. We have a modest cottage just up the lane—small but comfortable. If you would care to see it I am going there now."

"Thank you," said I.

Side by side we walked up the lane to Mr. Miggs' cottage, the while he dilated on the strangeness of the recent encounter.

"However many years a man may be away, however many miles he may roam, there is only one place he really thinks of as home," said Mr. Miggs.

I fell in love with Mr. Miggs' cottage. There was no sign of wealth there, and it was small, but it was comfortable and clean, and I had soon struck a bargain with Mrs. Miggs. I went at once to bed, tired after my long day, and was asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow.

And so tired was I that it was half-past nine the next morning before Mrs. Miggs awakened me with the news that my breakfast would spoil if I left it much longer.

I hurried downstairs, and just after ten o'clock I was ready once more for the road.

I stood in the hall waiting for my change. There was no sign of Mr. Miggs, but the door of his sitting-room stood open, and I could see from its well-stocked bookshelves that he was a well-read man. That did not surprise me.

I WALKED down the village street, saying good-bye to Normanthorpe, and I can assure you I was astounded when I reached "The Cat and Fiddle" to find Mr. Miggs staring fascinated at the number-plate of a car from which a cheerful traveller was descending.

"XXX!" he cried in a surprised voice.

"Pardon?" said the cheerful traveller.

"Exeter?" said Mr. Miggs.

"That's right," said the cheerful traveller.

"Exeter!" said Mr. Miggs with a sigh. "This must be the first car we've had in these parts from Exeter for years and years and years." He smiled wistfully at the cheerful traveller. "I was born in Blackboy Road."

"Really?" said the cheerful traveller. He glanced at the inn.

"Too early for a drink?"

"That is exceedingly nice of you," said Mr. Miggs. And they passed into the inn.

So that was it!

More surprised than I had been for a long time, I sat on a seat in front of the inn to think it out. And something I had thought little about at the time came back to me now. All the books on Mr. Miggs' book-shelves had been guide-books—cheap, second-hand guide-books, picked up, no doubt, for a penny or two-pence a time. Guide-books to Leamington, Manchester, York, Exeter—places all over the country.

So *that* was it! A well-read man, indeed! Well, it was one way of getting a drink on the cheap.

Twenty minutes later Mr. Miggs said good-bye to the man from Exeter, turned round and saw me sitting there. He nearly blushed. Not quite.

"You weren't listening?" he asked.

"Mr. Miggs," said I, "it is none of my business, but I'd say that if you come from anywhere you come from Kent, and East Kent at that."

"WHY do you say that?" asked Mr. Miggs.

"A little roll in your voice," said I. "You see, I'm living in Margate myself."

Mr. Miggs' face lit up.

"Margate?" he said. "How extraordinary! Margate . . . I was born in Cecil Square."

Well, what could you do with an old scoundrel like that?

"I suppose," I said, "you want me to invite you to have a drink?"

"That is exceedingly nice of you," said Mr. Miggs.

And he led me into "The Cat and Fiddle."

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

*Peggy Harman*

## "Greatest of These . . ."

UNTIL you hear how the "other half lives," you believe that nobody else knows the meaning of hardship.

Maybe that is so, but consider the troubles besetting bright-eyed, seventeen-year-old Peggy Harman and you may be moved to change your mind.

Peggy's father served not only in the last war, but also in the Boer war.

He is now in hospital.

Peggy's mother is incapacitated by an ulcerated leg.

Peggy is unable to work because she has septic dermatitis in her hands.

This little family, carrying a heavy burden, is trying to live on the father's 14s. a week campaign pension and 10s. a week old age pension.

Rent takes 10s. a week.

Surely nobody can pass this story of struggle without feeling moved to help.

Donations earmarked "Peggy," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept in this office and a copy will be sent on application.

We acknowledge 2s. 6d. from L. C. (S.E.17).

*The Human Machine*

## Snap Out of It!

MANY people will tell you that they "have lost all interest" in their hobbies since the outbreak of war. They pretend to be unable to raise the enthusiasm necessary to weed the garden or add to their collection of cigarette cards.

And they must be made to realise how essential it is that they should guard against this "mental deterioration," which becomes such a grave danger to effective living in such abnormal situations as a war.

Even though your life has been turned inside out, you must not give way to the temptation to fritter away your time on trifles.

It is all too easy to drift through the day without any real or ordered planning.

It is all too easy to allow your interest in things to slacken.

Let us be honest and admit that there is a great incentive to "let things slide" with the excuse that there is no incentive to do otherwise.

Such an attitude to life is a danger that will eventually undermine the foundations of mental stability if allowed to go unchallenged.

We are all determined not to let our standards of physical living deteriorate. We must be equally as determined about our standards of mental life.

We should do more, not less than we have been doing. We should expand, not neglect our hobbies.

We should plan our days even more methodically, not just drift through them. We should read more, think more, and observe more.

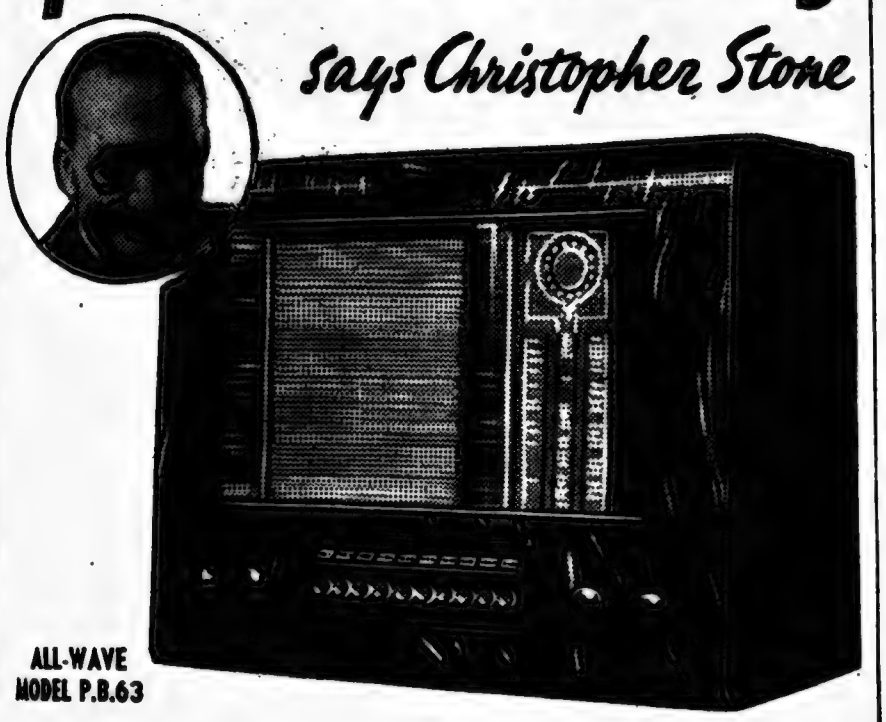
Tense times demand more alertness and more fitness. Every faculty should be working at maximum efficiency.

Snap out of it when you want to say, "What's the use?"

We all have an added strain to meet. The least we can do is to keep ourselves mentally fit to meet it.

# Here's a song you mustn't sing

*says Christopher Stone*



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*'So am I—I'll nip over and get some milk chocolate'*

YOU'LL GET PLAIN AND LIKE IT!
ALL RIGHT STUBBURN! I'LL GET SOMETHING NEW THAT'LL MAKE YOU OPEN YOUR PEEPERS! MILK & PLAIN TOGETHER

WOW! THIS NEW BLENDED FLAVOUR'S THE BEST THING I'VE TASTED FOR YEARS
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***FRY'S SANDWICH*** is the new chocolate discovery—the finest chocolate food that has been made yet. *All the very best of the best plain chocolate and all the best of the very best milk chocolate combined.* This delicious blend of milk and plain chocolate is real food, packed with quick energy and nourishment.

Keep it by you. Take some with you wherever you go. It's handy to carry. It's easy to eat. Get a supply now.

**RED LABEL**—Double Milk (plain chocolate between two layers of milk).

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**2d** 2 OZ **4d** 4 OZ.

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# The Lonely Mother

**HUMANIST**

Invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter

*There is comfort in the words of a woman correspondent for the mother whose children have been taken to the safety of the country. She may be lonely, but they are happy.*

AFTER publishing a letter from a mother who felt that she could not bear to be parted from her children despite all threats of air raids, it is not surprising that other women should write to me asking for advice and urging me to comfort those bereft.

"I wish the woman who is loth to part with her children could slip into my home any evening to see the two youngsters from a poor district in London now staying with me," writes a woman who is obviously devoted to the little strangers in her house.

"I should like her to see how they are tucked into bed every night," she adds. "They are given a big hug and a kiss, a sweet each, and a last 'Good-night and God bless you.' Having taken part in this ritual, she would not have any fears of her own children not being able to sleep without her.

"Through taking in these children, a girl of seven and her five-years-old brother, I have had to give up my work, losing between 25 and 30 shillings a week. City mothers should realise that there are unselfish 'foster-mothers' in the country.

"Parents of my two charges are more than grateful. They have been down to see for themselves how the children are thriving in their new home.

"This week my only son has received his calling-up papers. It is useless for me to say I cannot bear to be parted from him. Duty calls! My child is being sent, not to a place of safety but into a position of great danger. That is the difference."

Another woman writes to say that after reading the letter from the mother who refused to allow her children to be evacuated, she came to the conclusion that the woman was obviously the sort of person to mollycoddle her daughters instead of letting them find their own feet.

"My own two boys, aged nine and eleven, have been sent into a safe area," she adds. "They were unlucky at first. When the old woman who was looking after them was removed to hospital, they were taken to another home.

"MY husband and I went to see how they were as soon as we could, because we were worried about them. But they weren't worrying. They definitely don't want to come back! As long as we can visit them now and again, they don't mind at all."

I have also had letters from teachers, and they are all cheerful reading.

There are misfits and cases of extreme unreasonableness. But most of the evacuated children are satisfactorily housed, and the natural anxiety of parents would soon be allayed if they could see for themselves, instead of listening to tales of woe.

Children are more adaptable than adults.

They quickly dig themselves in and make the best of a new environment. The most difficult are the "mollycoddles," and the new experience will do them good in a dozen ways. They will learn that it is more fun to fend for themselves than to be fussed over and waited on every time they move.

War creates many uneasy problems. Listen to this young man of twenty-eight, devoted to his home, whose wife is expecting a baby in a few months and is dreading that he may soon be called away, leaving her here with the other child, aged three.

"WE have never made any friends at all," he says. "We are content to make friends with each other.

"But I am writing to you because my mother was in the same position when my father went to the last Great War. When the news of his death was received my mother was so upset that she had to be taken to a mental home.

"She is still there.

"My wife's father and mother are dead, and all her friends are at the other side of the earth."

This young man's anxiety for his wife is understandable, but there is no reason to think that his mother's tragic story will be repeated.

The husband has not even been called up yet, and it may be months before that happens. He must remember also that a considerable time will be spent in training. So the baby should be born long before he has to go abroad.

Apart from the war and its dangers, I think it is a great mistake not to make friends outside the home.

The man should have men friends; his wife should have women friends. It is unnatural to be completely cut off from people only too glad to help and sympathise in an emergency.

People living in suburbs are supposed to be afraid of getting to know their neighbours, but it is often their own fault.

If they made an approach, they would find others ready enough to respond.

In war time we all need to know each other better, to rid our minds of foolish pretensions, to open our hearts more readily, to lend a hand more willingly.

All decent people will be poorer. But there will be gains as well as losses if we can make more friends instead of living aloof and isolated.

Turning away from war, let us consider the problem of a young married woman who is regretting her "past."

"I am twenty-seven years old," she says, "and I have three lovely children, the eldest nearly seven, and the baby a little more than twelve months old.

"Several years ago I had a married girl-friend who often came to my home. She was dark and beautiful (I am very blonde) and she fell in love with my husband.

"She did not tell me, but I could not help noticing how she monopolised him. I also noticed a cooling-off in his affections for me. She often came to my home on one pretext or another while I was out, but my husband always told me when she had been.

"But when my friend and I quarrelled over some trifle she told me that my husband had been making love to her. When I told him, he admitted it, said he had been a crazy, infatuated fool. He begged me to forgive him.

"I was half-mad with jealousy, and I began taking notice of a single man who had always professed to love me. We often went out together secretly.

"Eventually the worst happened. I loved my husband terribly (and still do), but in my pain-crazed mind I thought this was my revenge. After six months the 'affair' seemed horrible. I suddenly realised what I had done and I broke away from my boy-friend. It was a clean break.

"BUT I have never dared to tell my husband. I know how he loves me, and he is terribly jealous by nature.

"He has hardly looked at another woman since his infatuation of three years ago, and he adores our children. He would never forgive me. He might leave me altogether.

"This 'skeleton in the cupboard' often troubles me. Do you think that in time I may forget that unfortunate phase in my life?"

Every week I receive letters from readers who confess there is a "skeleton in the cupboard." But a cupboard is a queer place to keep a skeleton. The obvious thing to do is to bury it. Bury it deep and forget.

The woman knows she did wrong and it is not at all likely that such a thing will happen again. In some corner of her mind she had a foolish idea of paying her husband back.

There is no satisfaction whatever in that sort of revenge.

But as she has confessed her sins and is genuinely penitent, I advise her to forget the whole episode.

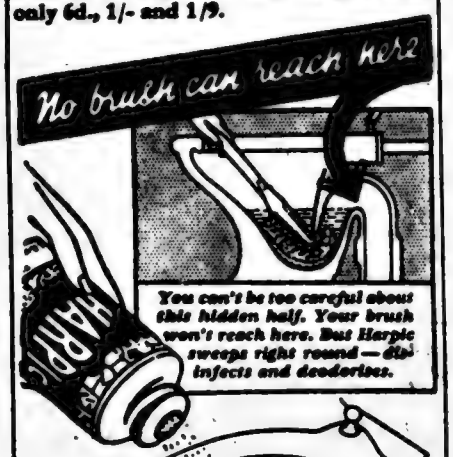
The best thing she can do is to concentrate on making happiness now and in the future. Look forward instead of backward.

*Remember Lot's wife.*


**IS ONLY HALF YOUR LAVATORY CLEAN?**

HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time. You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush.

In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9.




*You can't be too careful about this hidden half. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round — disinfects and deodorises.*

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

**HARPIC for the lavatory**

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

Inner Cleanliness—more than anything else—will help you to keep fit and cheerful these strenuous times. And for Inner Cleanliness take Andrews regularly. Each sparkling glass cleanses the entire system. First, Andrews cleans the tongue and mouth. Then it settles the stomach, corrects acidity and the indigestion caused by overwork, nerves and worry. Andrews also tones up the liver. And finally, to complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels and gradually corrects constipation. Take Andrews regularly, as often as you need it. 4 ozs. 9d., 8 ozs. 1/4.

**ANDREWS LIVER SALT**

(524)

For over 70 years HIMROD'S has given the greatest relief to millions of ASTHMA sufferers.

**ASTHMA**

*"The best thing in my experience was... HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE. It never failed."* Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes In his book, "100 days in Europe."

**HIMROD'S CURE**

# Do you know?

## Yes? or No?

**Is it TRUE that**

**Iron-starvation causes Weakness Palpitation, Breathlessness?**

*Yes, it is true. If you are iron-starved, your blood is weak and watery. Consequently your whole system is undernourished and debilitated, and any exertion leaves you breathless and with a painfully beating heart.* Start taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' with your next meal, *and so give your body the IRON it is starving for. Your blood will soon become rich and strong, your muscular tone will improve, your stamina will be increased, and you will be able to lead an active life, without fear of exhaustion, breathlessness, or palpitation.*

# Are YOU Iron-starved?

Most women are iron-starved, but don't know it. It is only when they have taken a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' that they realise how necessary iron-strength is for the maintenance of health and strength. *Start a course of Iron 'Jelloids' with your next meal.* As you gain iron-strength, you will find a new zest in life! You'll have more energy, a keener appetite, a stronger digestion, and will be astonished at your increased stamina and ability to work. IRON 'JELLOIDS' cannot injure the teeth, and they improve digestion. The 1/3 size lasts ten days, the 3/- size 36 days.

# Iron Jelloids

For WOMEN: No. 2. For MEN: No. 2A *(containing quinine).* For CHILDREN: No. 1

**fortify you with IRON-strength to overcome**

**Exhausted Nerves—Lack of Energy—Liability to Colds—Breathlessness Faintness—Palpitation—Bad Throat—Poor Appetite—Weak Digestion Headaches—Paleness—Falling Hair—Brittle Nails—Skin Blemishes**

*The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade mark. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.*

**MERITOR** REGD

**DON'T FORGET YOUR MERITOR TOOTHBRUSH**

MAW OF LONDON
MERITOR CHEMISTS' SUNDRIES

**ECZEMA**

Germolene removes Eczema in a way that's almost magical! It soothes at the first touch, ends the inflammation and irritation, commences healing immediately and soon you find the nasty rash has disappeared entirely! Germolene is the world's Greatest Healer! Even long-standing ulcers cannot resist its remarkable power.

The Quickest Healer for
ECZEMA
ULCERS
PIMPLES
SCALDS
BURNS
ABSCESSES
WOUNDS

**Germolene**

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Sold Everywhere 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin

**YOUR EGGS IN WARTIME**

If you keep fowls in the garden you need not worry about increase in egg prices or lack of this vital food, write at once for details of a remarkable new scheme that will save you *POUNDS*, and enable you to secure full egg baskets economically. Send a post-card now to:—THE POULTRY-KEEPERS ADVISORY BUREAU & CLINIC, Dept. J.D., 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

*For all*
**CIRCULATORY TROUBLES**
*You Should take*

**Elasto**

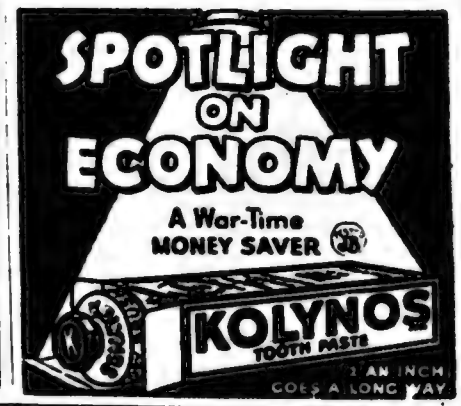
The Wonder Tablet

**A Free Offer**

★ Don't overlook the generous Free Trial Sample offer and Booklet offered on page 25.

**SPOTLIGHT ON ECONOMY**

A War-Time MONEY SAVER



*Tommy, Jack and Bill*

# LET US SOLVE YOUR WORRIES

*The smiling soldier, fit and ready for anything, is often troubled by thoughts of the domestic problem he has left behind. We will help him to fight that worry!*

**PROBLEMS left behind by men called to the Colours are adding headaches to relatives' heartaches.**

**Mrs. Smith lies awake o' nights afraid that the landlord will turn her out if the rent falls into arrears. Mr. Brown is worried by instalments due on his soldier son's motor-bike.**

The Robinsons can't keep up furniture payments. Then there's the house mortgage. And the rates. *And* insurance policies!

No end to the gnawing anxieties aroused by war's interference with family life.

JOHN BULL is willing to solve them all, is doing so already by the hundred. Maybe your own problem will be solved just by reading these abbreviated answers to a few typical worries.

**Mrs. S., Liverpool.—"I can't possibly pay £1 a week rent from my Army allowance. Will the landlord be able to evict me?"**

You will still be liable for the rent, but the landlord may not increase it if it is under 27s. a week, and cannot eject you for non-payment without the leave of the courts. Try to get him to agree to reduced payments.

**D. P., Guildford.—"I am told I can get a State grant towards paying the premiums on my soldier son's endowment policy."**

Incorrect. Write to the insurance company, stating what you or your son can afford. Usually, such policies are not voided, but arrears are deducted when payment of the policy or other benefits become due.

**Mrs. W. G., Swansea.—"A shop threatens to take back my furniture now that I cannot continue payments through my husband's enlistment."**

They cannot do so without a court order, but pay as much as you can afford by weekly instalments. Also read the special article on page 15 to understand the whole position.

**E. M., Goodmayes.—"I have paid ten years' instalments on a twenty-year house mortgage. Now that I have been called up, what is my position?"**

Offer to pay interest only, if you can't manage capital repayments as well. In any case, you are protected from foreclosure.

**B. H. D., Trent Vale.—"I am receiving a life disability pension of 20 per cent. If I rejoin the military forces can I continue to draw my pension?"**

Yes, under the same conditions as before.

**W. H., Hindley Green.—"My business has been ruined because my lorry has been commandeered. Please advise me."**

If you consider the compensation is inadequate, you can appeal. Local police will give you the Tribunal's address.

**J. D. S., Banbury.—"I have been sent here on war work. Can I disclaim responsibility for my London house because I am in a Reserved Occupation?"**

You cannot break your lease, but you might, of course, remove your furniture, thus saving rates and making the premises easier to sub-let.

**Mrs. G., Plymouth.—"Please tell me whether as a widow whose only son is a naval officer I am entitled to a State allowance."**

Sorry, but there is no allowance for the widowed mothers of officers, only for officers' wives.

**Mrs. T., Birmingham.—"Now that my husband is on active service, the building society offers reduced terms, on which I should value your opinion."**

The suggested interest payments of £1 10s. 7d. a month—4½ per cent. on £425—are rather less than could have been charged and are therefore very fair.

**Mrs. G. W., Woodford.—"I find it impossible to pay my way on the 29s. allotted me. Can I claim more from the R.A.F.?"**

The Air Ministry makes only the authorised allowance, which you are getting. Try to compromise with your landlord. It is unlikely that the courts would grant him a possession order if you can't pay the full rent.

**E. M., Sheffield.—"I am terribly worried because I signed the National Registration form with the surname by which I am usually known, though actually it's the name of the man with whom I am living."**

Under English law, you can take what name you please. Since you are commonly known as "Mrs. M——," you needn't fear any penalty.

**Mrs. P., Ipswich.—"If I shut up house while my husband is away, can the State requisition it and must I continue to pay rates?"**

Under the Emergency Powers taken by the Government, the house could be requisitioned *if required*, or it could be used for billeting should you continue to live in it. You get compensation in both cases. Rates can be avoided only by storing your furniture.

**H. F., Beeston.—"What allowances shall I receive in respect of my husband, called up for service?"**

Seventeen shillings, plus 5s. for the first child, 3s. for the second, 1s. for every other. Your husband should fill in a form to be obtained from his unit; your form can be had from the post office.

**Mrs. E. G., Renfrew.—"Neighbours say I need not pay rent or hire-purchase instalments now that my husband is in the Army."**

If you do not pay rent now you will be liable for it later. So pay what you can on both rent and hire-purchase.

There, we hope, is the end of quite a lot of headaches, but if your particular question is not answered by these brief answers, you can get authoritative advice from JOHN BULL at the cost of a three-ha'penny stamp.

If your perplexity concerns a Service matter, you can help us to help you by giving us the date of entry into the Army, Navy or Air Force and the man's age.

Should it concern an ex-Serviceman, give the date of discharge or transfer to the Reserve.

Whether you're a relative of Soldier Tommy, Sailor Jack or Airman Bill, or whether your doubt arises from a purely civilian affair, whether you're rich or poor, employer or employed—

**WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT**


**Chemist Feared Life-long RHEUMATISM**

***—Then Discovered the Power of Phensic***

This striking testimony, which we have received from an Analytical Chemist, will interest every sufferer from Rheumatic Pain. He writes:

*"Dear Sirs,*

*For the past two months I have been suffering from rheumatic pains in my back . . . . . I spent quite a lot of money on so-called cures ranging in price from 1/3 to 5/-. These did not relieve my condition and* I began to think I was to become a permanent sufferer from rheumatic ailments. *However, three days ago I noticed your advertisement in the paper and I decided to give Phensic a trial.*

**"My Rheumatic Pains have completely disappeared!"**

I am now happy to say that my rheumatic pains have completely disappeared. Phensic conquered where liniment and everything else failed . . . *I would like to say thank you.*

*Yours sincerely, A.S."*

This letter, written in gratitude and genuine good faith, was entirely unsolicited. We publish it by the writer's permission. You can get supplies of Phensic from your chemist for 3d, 6d, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-. Make your personal test today.

## Ex-Guardsman's Bull's-eye

"FIRST Prize Wire, Friday, September 29," were the words scribbled by Hall-Porter Williams on the *Bullets* page from which he took his coupons for JOHN BULL's 1,187th Contest. He had a "hunch" that his hour or two of war-time leisure devoted to the *Examples* would bring their reward.

Well, the final adjudication of efforts was completed at 10.30 a.m. on the morning of Friday, September 29, and off went the First Prize telegram—to Hall-Porter Williams!

He was *Corporal* Williams when he shed his Guardsman's uniform in 1918 and became caretaker of a block of offices at 26, Russell Square, W.C.

Unscathed by the bullets in France, he took to JOHN BULL's *Bullets* as a hobby, and many a small prize hit has been signalled for him from the Long Acre butts.

Now, he has £230 as his reward for hitting the bull's-eye in the first *Bullets* Contest of the present war, and with the money goes the privilege of a week-end trip to anywhere at JOHN BULL's expense. Blackpool is his choice.

Snapping their fingers at Hitler, he and his wife will enjoy a celebration this week-end that they will remember for years.

If Hall-Porter Williams had let Hitler keep him from his regular weekly *Bullets* entry, he would have been poorer to-day.

If you forget *Bullets* opportunities, you also will be poorer. Don't rob yourself of the weekly entertainment of an ideal "black-out" hobby, or you may well be allowing another reader to escape with a big cash prize that could have been for you.

Turn to page 31 and see for yourself how easily you could have created any of this week's prize *Bullets*. Do not stop there. Spend a half-hour of your leisure with the *Examples* and enjoy the thrill and satisfaction, *this week and every week*, of joining your fellow readers in shooting on the *Bullets* ranges.

**WAR-TIME ECONOMY HINT**

*See that all waste is eliminated from your home! Pongo always wants to lick something, so let him lick your "Bullets" envelope each week!*

# YOUR CHARTER OF SECURITY

IN times of National Emergency, a feeling of Security is more necessary than ever to maintain that confidence in the future that is essential to peace of mind and happiness.

"John Bull" offers you a Charter of Security in its Free Family Insurance Gift—a Charter that represents a sure shield of protection for you and yours.

### GENEROUS BENEFITS.

In addition to numerous Accident Benefits, "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift safeguards your precious possessions against ever present dangers such as FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST, etc.

### OVER £650,000 ALREADY PAID.

There could be no greater testimony to the practical value of our Free Family Insurance Gift than the outstanding fact that since the inception of the scheme over £650,000 has been paid to registered readers or their dependants—a record of unparalleled service to our registered readers.

### £627 PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone, "John Bull" distributed no less than £627 8s. 10d. to registered readers or their dependants, as follows :—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Household and Sickness Benefits ... ... ... | £244 | 8 | 10 |
| Accident Benefits—Adults | 125 | 0 | 0 |
| Children's Accidents ... | 258 | 0 | 0 |
| | £627 | 8 | 10 |

### A SECURITY GIFT WORTH £2 2s.

Similar protection to that which "John Bull" offers to you FREE would, if taken out through an insurance company, cost at least £2 2s. in annual premiums.

### APPRECIATION.

Here is just one of the numerous letters received from registered readers that aptly sums up readers' opinions of "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift.

"I desire to thank you most sincerely for the cheque safely received and to say how very much I appreciate the courtesy given by your representative, the honourable settlement arrived at and, in conclusion, the prompt payment. Both my wife and myself are proud to have proved that 'John Bull' will keep its promise.

"Wishing your paper every success and once again thanking you.

"F. J. W., Bournemouth."

### ONE REGISTRATION ONLY.

Remember one registration covers husband, wife and children (over 6 and under 15 years of age) and all Accident and Sickness benefits are paid in addition to any amount a reader may receive elsewhere.

With "John Bull's" Charter of Security safe under lock and key in your home you will feel a tremendous relief. You will be able to face the future with confidence.

In our daily round we have to face risks and dangers, and Fate does not discriminate. That is why the completion of the Forms below for our Insurance Gift is of vital importance to you.

If you have not yet registered for this wonderful security gift, do so now on the forms below. It will not take a minute. It is a simple act that might make a world of difference to you and yours in the future.

## SIGN FOR SECURITY—USE THE FORMS BELOW NOW

SIGN TO-DAY

**JOHN BULL**

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 14/10/39.

CUT HERE

**Post this Form to**

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 14/10/39.


*For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart*

**Take It!**

*The Wonder Tablet*

# —And Stop Limping

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg ulcers (bad-leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

## *Everybody is Asking—What is Elasto ?*

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

## *Read What Users of Elasto Say :*

*"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured."*

*"My thrombosis has now gone and my legs are better, and there is less swelling."*

*"After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."*

*"For seven years my leg had been running from four varicose ulcers and I cannot describe the pain I suffered. Now they have all healed and my general health has greatly improved due to the wonderful qualities of Elasto."*

*"My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health."*

*"Elasto has quite cured my eczema."*

*"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (Arterio-Sclerosis) are quite gone, and my general health is much improved."*

*"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."*

*"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."*

*"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day."*

*"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis." Etc.*

*THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of ELASTO, the wonderful new Biomedical Remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.*

## *Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free !*

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet, fully explaining Elasto, the new Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of testimonials, *showing what Elasto has done for others,* we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE ELASTO MAKES! *THIS OFFER IS TOO GOOD TO BE MISSED.*

ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

**COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF ELASTO ★**

ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood. [J.B. No. 141039]

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

*Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.*

*Elasto will save you pounds!*

## Great New Boxing Series Begins To-d

# GIANTS of the RING

By A.W. Helliwell

FROM the dim interior of the tumbledown shack there comes the ringing song of iron on steel. Through the open door, the dull glow of the forge, blazing to sudden life under the bellows, lights the face of the toiling smith.

Sweat forms in great beads on his forehead, for it is hot here in Timaru, New Zealand, hotter than it ever was in his native Helston in far-off Cornwall.

A master of his craft, this craft of shaping white-hot metal into shoes for horses, is old Fitzsimmons, now swinging his great hammer with an effortless ease that belies its weight.

**Outside the sun beats on a torrid, dusty landscape. The tiniest patch of shade is precious on such a blazing day, and, with his back against a tree, grateful for even this scanty protection, there sits a sandy-haired boy, freckled and thin as a lath.**

**This is young Robert, destined to earn fame as one of the greatest fighters of all time. Looking at him as he sits there, with so little promise of strength or stamina in his weedy frame, this seems scarcely credible.**

Open on his bare knees there rests a Bible, and at intervals he raises his eyes to stare into the middle distance where the air shimmers in a heat haze, and his lips move soundlessly as he commits a passage to memory.

Thoughts of such rough pastimes as pugilism have never entered his gentle mind. He has never struck a blow in his life. His one ambition is to follow in his father's footsteps as a smith, and, more immediately, to win the Scripture prize at Timaru Sunday School.

This is a prize beside which all other Scripture prizes fade into insignificance, a veritable prince among prizes; a leather-bound Prayer Book with handsome clasps of solid gold, offered by the Vicar to the boy who can recite the most extracts from the Scriptures.

I wonder where that Prayer Book is to-day? I wonder if it was found among the few poor possessions that remained to Bob Fitzsimmons when the grand old champion took the last long count?

WAS it, I wonder, thrown carelessly aside, or did the finder, knowing its history and the strange part it had played in the battling blacksmith's romantic life, save it as a souvenir?

**For this gold-mounted Prayer Book, indirectly, but nevertheless quite surely, set young Fitzsimmons on the road to pugilistic fame.**

**Between the boy deep in his study of the Bible outside the smithy's shack and the hard-swearing, rough and ready world champion he became, there is a broad gap, and the story that bridges it is one of the most colourful and astonishing in the history of the ring.**

**But there never will be another Ruby Robert, as they called this battling blacksmith.**

Modern boxing, even counting such deadly fighting machines as dusky Joe Louis and eccentric oddities as crooning Jack Doyle, can produce nothing to match the lanky, knock-kneed, spindle-legged Cornishman.

Had you met him in his prime you would never have guessed that he was a fighter. The freckled, simple-looking face, the loose under-lip, the vacant grin and the scanty halo of bristling red thatch. None of these suggested the pugilist.

**In action he looked even less formidable. When he first appeared in the United States fight fans jeered at him, hurling mocking, ribald insults at him as he shambled awkwardly from his corner.**

**"Spider legs," they yelled, little dreaming that they were sneering at a future world champion.**

**Two minutes later the wise-cracking ring-siders gaped in bewildered astonishment as they watched the bald-headed Cornishman explode into murderous action.**

For young Bob, model Sunday School pupil and pride of the village choir, developed into one of the most dangerous scrappers ever to lace on a glove—and all, if you like, because of a Prayer Book with golden clasps!

THIS was the way of it. From the day he lisped his first baby phrases, his mother, an honest, God-fearing woman, instilled into him the principles of Christianity. Twice a day, on Sundays, his well-scrubbed face shining cherubically above his spotless collar, he would walk by her side to church, singing in the choir and winning one prize after another as the best boy in the school.

Then there came the Sunday when the Vicar, proudly displaying the gold-mounted Prayer Book, announced that it would be awarded to the boy who could memorise most of the Bible.

Bob's eyes sparkled as they lighted on the magnificent prize. It must be his, he determined, and so he set to work to study, as he had never done before, cramming so much into his head that when the day of the competition came he was ready to recite from noon until midnight if need be.

**From the start it was plain that there were only two boys in it. Young Bob and the Vicar's son! For a time they reeled off psalms and collects neck and neck, as it were, but then, as the Vicar's son began to falter, Fitzsimmons drew ahead.**

**He was counting the prize already good as won when, to his astonishment, the Vicar stopped the contest and handed the coveted Prayer Book to—his son!**

No one noticed Bob slip quietly out of the classroom. But he was lounging near the door when the Vicar's son, carrying the prize, appeared.

There was an unpleasant gleam in Bob's dark and beady eyes. Disappointment had quenched the teachings of so many years, and there was but little brotherly love in his heart as he advanced in menacing fashion on the smirking prize-winner.

He was older, taller and heavier than Fitzsimmons, but, nevertheless, he retreated hastily as the truth dawned upon him.

FOR the first time in his life Master Robert, pride of the Sunday School, was fighting mad, and he jumped in with both fists swinging like flails.

More by luck than skill they connected violently with the prize-winner's chin and he went down in a heap, while the blacksmith's son stared at him in amazement.

Then, catching sight of the prize glinting goldenly on the grass, he grabbed it and ran before the Vicar's wrath should descend on him.

**Examining the spoils of his first fight at home, realisation of the power in his fists came to him. Until then he had been a quiet and peaceable youngster, accepting it as his lot to be pushed and shoved around by the other boys, but now he knew that this no longer need be so.**

That was all. Thoughts of ever earning a living in the prize-ring never occurred to him. For as long as he could remember, right from the day he had been held up as a tiny toddler to gaze in awe at the fiery cascade of sparks that flew under his father's hammer blows, he had been told that he, too, would be a smith.

As his school days drew to a close he looked forward to taking his place at the anvil to learn all the fascinating mysteries of fashioning horse-shoes.

He learned quickly, and by the time he was eighteen he was as expert as his father and could swing the huge hammers with the same deft ease.

**His trade endowed him with a physique that bordered on the freakish. From the waist up he was enormously proportioned, wide-shouldered and deep-chested, with smoothly muscled biceps, but in contrast his canary legs looked laughably thin.**

Picture him then one day reading with thoughtful interest a bill announcing an amateur boxing competition to be held in the neighbourhood by Jem Mace, old maestro of the ring and possessor o

(Continued on page 28)

**No. 1—BOB FITZSIMMONS —the Battling Blacksmith**


## RHEUMATISM

### The threat of early frosts

To those who suffer the crippling agony of rheumatism, sciatica, or lumbago, the first touch of winter is often like the approach of a cruel enemy. An early damp frost or a penetrating mist will start off painful twinges which threaten the misery of locked joints and hampered movement for months to come.

No wonder rheumatic sufferers bless the day they discovered Nature's way to relief—the daily teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water. Mineral constituents which were once obtainable only in Nature's healing springs at expensive Spas—Sodium, Potassium, and Lithium—now work their wonders through daily Fynnon, rinsing away the poisons and toxins that have been causing the stabbing pains. Kidneys and liver are stirred with new vigour. Torturing rheumatic acids are dislodged from bone, tissue, and muscle. With your entire system refreshed and braced you can look forward to a winter free from rheumatic pain.

Get a large 1/3 tin of Fynnon Salt from your chemist *to-day*, and remember, Fynnon every morning means fitness every day.

## TO STOP ACUTE INDIGESTION

### *By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris*

When a dyspeptic patient comes to me for treatment, I know that the last thing he wishes to hear is a discourse on the percentage of acid in his gastric juice. His sole concern is to have a prescription which will stop his indigestion in the shortest possible time. Since the quickest acting remedies for the purpose known to science are contained in 'Bisurated' Magnesia, it is my regular practice to prescribe this standard antacid—I know of no quicker or more effective indigestion remedy. Any sufferer will have convincing proof of the efficacy of 'Bisurated' Magnesia by taking a little after his or her next meal.

*Note:* 'Bisurated' Magnesia—referred to above by Dr. Scott—is available at all Chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

# The Poles don't blame Britain

**Millions of Britons have been wondering whether the Poles, left to struggle against overwhelming odds, feel any bitterness because the Allies seemed to make no effort to interfere in the fighting on the Eastern Front.**

**A seventeen-year-old London schoolboy, on holiday in Poland, who was in the last train to leave the stricken country, describes in this article the attitude of the Poles desperately fighting for freedom.**

WHEN I said "Good-bye" to my Polish friends there was no bitterness in their voices.

They came eagerly to watch the last train out.

They realised their country was facing temporary obliteration, but they knew it would rise again.

There was no recrimination, no suggestion that we should attempt to forestall defeat by some mad escapade. That we should try to send over an army or even a monster air force.

"Thank you for coming in," they said, "and thank you, in advance, for the liberty you are going to restore to us."

Visiting Poland with five British friends for a holiday, I went to Kobrynn, a village thirty miles from Brest-Litovsk, in the middle of August.

Polish peasants are charming, easy-going people and they decided in their quiet way that war was inevitable as soon as the Russians signed the non-aggression pact with Germany.

"You won't come in," they used to tell me. "You can't. You are too far away. We have no more reason to expect it than the Czechs had. But if you did—"

And their faces would brighten at the thought.

SLEEPING in a little timber house on the last night in August I was awakened by a series of terrific explosions. One of them seemed to lift the house.

Many people thought it was a mock raid, part of an official test of our black-out, for war hadn't been declared.

But there were German aeroplanes overhead, rushing down in power dives.

Thirty-two bombs fell on the village. Some of them were half-concrete, a sign, I am told, that Germans are economising in metal.

Twelve people were killed when five of the bombs fell on houses in the village. The rest were wasted.

The noise was ten times worse than I had expected, but the damage not nearly as severe as I had imagined.

Six hours later the invasion began.

Still the Polish people around me never expected that Britain would ever go to war.

A few days later our village was told by radio that Britain had declared war, and all the peasants raided their own gardens for flowers with which to make garlands for us.

They almost choked us with manifestations of their gratitude.

WITH Britain's help, a greater Poland would one day arise.

My last memory of those brave people, after hours of snail's-pace progress by train from Lwow, was of a poor old frontier guard who wanted to shake my hands because we were British.

The British who could not yet begin the war, but when they did. . . .

I told him what I told them all.

One day I was going back.

Not to a Poland of nightmares, as it has been since bullies came into their own. But to a happy Poland


## SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

**RATE**
**10s. per line.**
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

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*Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London.* W.C.2

### SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

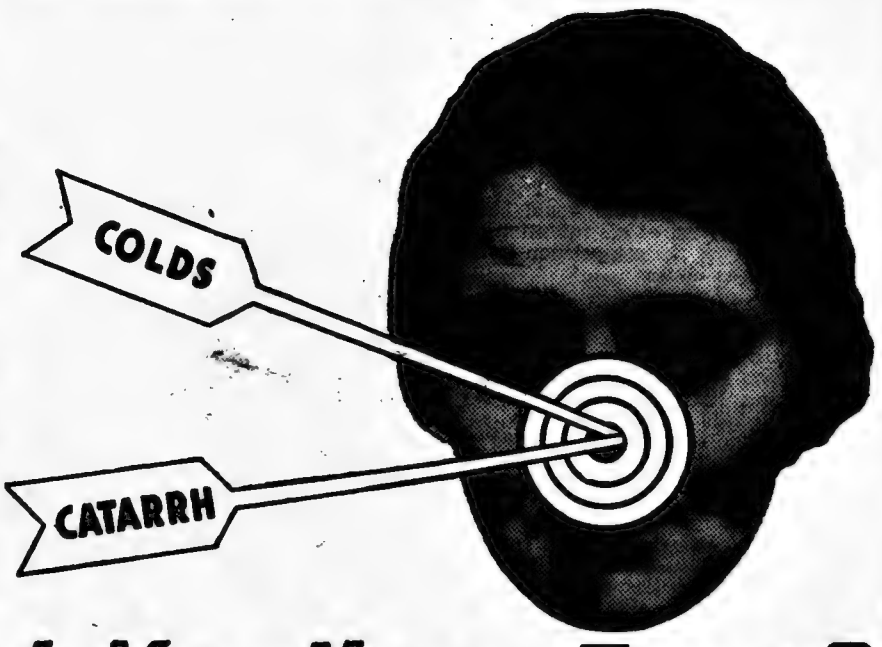
CROCKERY. 120 asstd. articles 10/-. 48 cups, saucers, 6/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, Burslem.

SELL direct from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. J.B., The Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, every kind. Cheapest firm. I supply everything. 144-page Catalogue free.—MAY (123), Birmingham.

AGENTS wanted for easiest and simplest Xmas Club. Big Cash profits. Free Gift value 5/6 to every agent. Huge Coloured art Catalogue of Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods, Wines, etc. No outlay. Free outfit and particulars from SHIELD XMAS CLUB (Dept. 14), Bradford.

CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS WILL BE WANTED MORE THAN EVER. Get an Agency for the "City" Series of Cards, shown in attractive Album supplied to genuine applicants free. Excellent commission allowed.—Apply now to The Private Xmas Card Mfg. Co. (Dept. 5), 84, Simon Street, Manchester, 3.




## Is Your Nose a Target?

Are you a victim of Catarrh? Is your Nose irritated? Is it choked with germ-laden mucus? Do you get constant Head Colds? Does your throat get thick with phlegm? Are you losing your senses of taste, smell, hearing? Are insidious Catarrh poisons getting the better of you?

**CATARRH**

- CAUSES CONSTANTLY RECURRING COLDS
- LEADS TO SERIOUS CHEST COMPLAINTS
- DULLS THE BRAIN
- POISONS THE BLOOD STREAM
- CREATES DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES

***You can smash Catarrh in a few days.***
***You can wake up To-morrow feeling 100% better than to-day!***

'Mentholatum' enables you to STOP Catarrh where it starts. Clear your NOSE—and keep it clear—with 'Mentholatum'. This amazing breathable balm—when applied into the nostrils—volatilises instantly. Its super-active antiseptic vapours disperse choking mucus, rid your nose of germs, subdue inflammation, stop infection and open up stuffed breathing passages. 'Mentholatum' Brand Balm stays where it is put and keeps active for hours. There is nothing like it. It stops Head Colds overnight and even Chronic Catarrh yields to it! Of All Chemists at 6d. & 1/3. Get some today.

**MENTHOLATUM**
**BRAND BALM**

**6D.** *tins and* **1/3** *jars all chemists—Stops the Attack or Money Back*

If you prefer, ask for the LIQUID form, price 1/3 complete with dropper.

DRAPERS.—164-page Illus. Winter Catalogue post free. Covers all Depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest selection of perfect goods at Keenest prices. Satis. guid. or sale Only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds, 1.

### AGENCIES, CLUBS.

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BIG PROFITS ASSURED by Selling Private Christmas Cards, Calendars, etc., to your friends. Write for BRITAIN'S LEADING SAMPLE BOOK. The one which secures the Most Orders. OUTSTANDING COMMISSIONS and PRIZES. Sample Book sent FREE. A Great money-making opportunity. — Apply CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 50, Anchor Court, Preston.

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WALLPAPERS direct from Mills. 280 patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, Manchester.

A SPARELESS LIGHTER for blackouts can be used in gale or downpour. An amazing idea—see Modern Products' announcement on page 12.

SEE THROUGH PENN BINOCULARS. Scan the sea and the sky. Nobody should be without Penn's bargain offer. See page 12.

### EMPLOYMENT.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS.—Reserved occupations for men over 25. Excellent pay and prospects. No exp. reqd. For FREE details of openings, etc., apply CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 819), Chislehurst, Kent.

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POLICEMEN WANTED URGENTLY in all parts of the country. Excellent pay, prospects and pensions. Ages 19-26. No experience. For full details of easy Entrance write, B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

POLICE FORCE.—Both married and single men, aged 19-27, urgently wanted. Start £3 weekly. Ordinary education sufficient.—Apply for FREE GUIDE containing full details of simple entrance requirements. CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 138), CHISLEHURST, KENT.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged under 21. Commencing pay, £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

### POULTRY-KEEPING.

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### MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

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FREE to sufferers from bad circulatory troubles and rheumatism. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Elasto (Dept. 18), 18F, Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., for free sample of Elasto and a copy of a special free booklet explaining the Elasto treatment. Send now while you think of it. See page 25.

IF you endure the agonies of asthma and bronchitis, learn how instant relief can be yours by writing, mentioning *John Bull*, to Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 80, Artillery Lane, London, E.1, for a free copy of a special booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?"

AN instructive 50-page booklet on how Natural Minerals, Vitamins, etc., will bring you new health, vigour and strength when you begin to feel nervy and listless, can be obtained post free and without obligation on application to Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. JR10/1, 128-34, Baker Street, London, W.1.

### BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

TO RETAILERS AND SMALL TRADERS.

Local trade is limited, so why not SELL BY POST—the modern method of Trading? Advertise bargain lines in *John Bull's* FAMOUS "SHOP WINDOW" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. ONE ADVERTISER RECENTLY REPORTED THAT FROM A SINGLE ADVERTISEMENT HE HAD RECEIVED OVER 500 ORDERS FOR A 10/- ARTICLE. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? START SMALL, GROW BIG. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, Room 28, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

"MOTHER" (Liverpool).—All well. We play the Crime Club Card Game every night. Great Fun.—You must get a pack yourself.—Tommy.

FREE.—Write to J. S. Fry & Sons, Dept. 6A, Somerdale, Bristol, for Free Illustrated Book of hundreds of Gifts in exchange for coupons from Fry's Cocoa. One Free Coupon to start your collection will be sent with the booklet.

# Are YOU a NEURASTHENIC?

**Warning Signs Of Approaching NERVOUS EXHAUSTION**

NERVOUS INDIGESTION • RECURRING NEURITIS • NO APPETITE • DEBILITY • HEAVY LIMBS

BROODING ANXIETIES • SLEEPLESSNESS • DEPRESSION • CHRONIC WEARINESS • PALPITATIONS

Nervous Headache
Area of Pain
Nervous or sick headaches, unlike the ordinary headache, are utterly prostrating. They are entirely due to nerves, and are very commonly associated with neurasthenia.

NEURASTHENIA or nerve weakness is rightly called the bane of modern life. It creeps on its victims so insidiously that when the nerves suddenly give way under the strain, complete breakdown can only be avoided by scientific nerve treatment.

**BUILD UP NERVES, BRAIN & BODY**

Dr. Cassells Tablets are the great restorative for all ailments due to worn out nerves. This wonderful tonic acts through the nerves which control the whole of your body and its organs; your brain, your heart, your digestion, your muscles. In Dr. Cassells are the ingredients necessary for building up the vital cells. Now make up YOUR mind to get properly well. Take your first health-restoring dose of Dr. Cassells Tablets to-day.

Prices: 1/3, 3/- & 5/- everywhere. Trial Size 6d.

**Take Good Advice!—Take**

**DR CASSELL'S TABLETS**

*The Great NERVE TONIC and Body Builder*

**SKIN DISEASES**

*Miraculously Cured by* HERBAL TREATMENT

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Thousands cured during the last 50 years when other treatments have failed. Eczema, Psoriasis and other skin troubles banished like magic. Write for FREE BOOK and convincing testimony.

J. ROBINSON & SONS (BRADFORD), LTD., 11, KUBERT HOUSE, BRADFORD.


Continuing "The Battling Blacksmith"

# Red-headed Choir-boy becomes World Beater!

the first and straightest of all straight lefts.

Young Bob was not interested in the fact that the winner would be regarded as the amateur champion of New Zealand. What had caught his beady eyes was the announcement that the first prize would be a gold watch!

Just as he once had set his youthful heart on the gold-mounted Prayer Book he now coveted this watch, and, as the mists of memory stirred, he recalled how easily he had spread-eagled the Vicar's son.

Since that day he had not fought again, but that was no reason why he should not repeat his triumph.

He confided in no one, for he knew well enough that his parents would be furious if they learned of his intention, and on the night of the competition he slipped out of the house on the pretext of going for a stroll.

Dashing along to the open space where the booth had been erected, he soon found himself perched upon the extreme edge of a corner stool staring across the ring at a tough-looking farm-hand who was glowing from beneath close-knit brows in the most disconcerting fashion.

His hands felt awkward stuffed into the shabby gloves, stained with the blood of scores of furious battles, and packed tight around the ring the spectators were offering noisy and facetious advice, but young Bob set his lips in a grim line and made up his mind to keep on slugging until the gold watch was his.

Suddenly someone gave him a thrust between the shoulder blades and he lurched into the centre of the ring.

He seemed to have no idea what to do with his fists, for he held them in a variety of comical and unorthodox positions as he slowly pivoted on his heels to keep facing his circling opponent.

The farm-hand, who had some rudimentary knowledge of the game, was by this time smiling broadly and most of the audience were in fits of laughter as they watched poor Fitz's ungainly and uneasy efforts to find some sort of stance.

**But they did not laugh for long.**

**Almost as though he had been the victim of some strange conjuring trick, the farmer's boy lay spread-eagled on the canvas, put there by a blow so hard and fast that neither he nor most of the spectators had seen it start.**

**Young Bob, staring about him with that deceptive vacant-looking smile, was motioned back to his corner, and the next aspirant to the gold watch and the amateur championship was pushed through the ropes to face him.**

**Altogether, four husky heavy-weights, all bigger and heavier than Fitz, hit the floor with the same speed and violence as the farm-hand before the tournament came to an end, and the blacksmith found himself the proud possessor of a gold watch.**

Without a single bruise to betray how he had spent the evening, he slipped away home, and next day when the local papers contained glowing accounts of a certain Robert Fitzsimmons, who had all the promise of a future champion, he stoutly denied that he knew anything about it.

For another year he put all thoughts of fighting from his mind.

He had a gold watch to carry in his Sunday waistcoat and he was satisfied.

Then Jem Mace's travelling booth hit town again, and Fitz, with memories of his night of triumph to fire him, entered to defend his title.

**This time he knocked out five men, including Herbert Slade, the great Maori. He was then only nineteen, but already he possessed that astonishing punch that was later to make him one of the wonders of the ring.**

**There is not a heavy-weight to-day who can hit anything like so hard as Fitz did in his prime, and you must remember that he never scaled much more than 12 st.**

In either hand he packed a punch that could lift a man clean off his feet, and in many of his contests he was forced to pull his blows for fear of doing his opponents serious injury.

Some idea of the power of his punch can be gained from the fact that he once accomplished the unparalleled feat of knocking out a man simply by striking him on the glove!

His victim, a big, tough Irishman named Coghlan, saw Fitz aiming a right hook at his chin and raised his glove to block the blow.

But all the weight of the blacksmith's huge shoulders was behind the punch. It connected with the Irishman's raised glove, drove it back on to his chin and sent him hurtling to the canvas like a pole-axed bull, knocked out by his own fist!

**Next Week**

**Boxing's Beau Brummel**

*Race with "Silver Ring"*

# Back Again!

GOOD sport ought to be provided by the meetings arranged for Newbury and Newmarket, and I think that at worst we shall have a couple of days' chasing each week during the winter.

I hope to be able to pass on some worth-while tips via the Code in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* each race-day. Here's hoping that my Cambridgeshire fancy will oblige.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 12, to Wednesday, October 18:—

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U 97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:—

89398FKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL.

# Weapons for the Garden Offensive

By Richard Sudell, A.R.H.S.

*All ready for the Autumn's big offensive*

NOW everybody on the Home Front is digging hard, preparing every available patch of land, whether it be allotment or all that is left of a lawn for the bounty of Spring, gardening tools are in great demand. I advise you to collect all you need before there is a danger of stocks being depleted.

For a time, you need only such essentials as:—

**A steel garden rake, ten- or twelve-toothed;**

**Steel trowel and hand-fork;**

**Dutch or swan-necked hoe, with handle of ash; and**

**Stout steel digging spade and a fork (number two for men, number one for women).**

The local allotment society will provide wheelbarrows, knapsack-sprayers and mattocks for their members, and by joining this organisation you will save yourself the expense of buying such necessities. They are things that you don't need all the time.

The allotment society will also help you to buy seeds and fertilisers at cost price. The problem of storing tools at an allotment can be solved without trouble. If other cultivators are not agreeable to building a communal toolshed (and usually there is no difficulty in persuading "digging colleagues" to share such a building), you should acquire a wooden chest about 4 ft. long and 2 ft. wide, which can be buried at the end of the plot to act as a dump for tools and other essentials.

A padlock helps in protecting tools from "borrowing" hands and, if you feel inclined, you can make the top of your buried chest into a seat from which to survey your handiwork.

While most persons are busily preparing to attack the land, others are striving for greater results, and they are writing asking me to explain the art of "intensive cultivation."

This is interplanting crops, one with another, so that a succession is obtained without the land ever being idle. Hardy cabbage lettuce, set in rows a foot apart, could be interplanted with broad beans next month.

Two bean seeds are shown between each lettuce in alternate rows. When the beans are cleared, celery is planted in trenches 3 ft. apart, with spinach between rows.

Many ingenious methods of successive crops can be devised for small gardens or allotments. As this intensive cropping takes a lot out of the land, you must fork in adequate supplies of manure. Water must be available for dry weather.

Cloches are used to cover early rows of peas, lettuce and other crops. They protect seeds from birds, give warmth to rows of seedlings, and can be removed from one crop to another.

# LIFE PENSION for JOHN BULL'S ENTERTAINING XWORD

## WIN THIS PENSION!

SPEND part of your leisure this evening with the entertaining Puzzle on this page. Consider carefully the words you use for you will be competing against other readers for a fine Life Pension or £250 cash, heralded by a thrilling First Prize Joy Wire on Friday, October 27.

Success may well be yours, but only if your entry is posted on or before Saturday, October 21. Before you seal the envelope, turn to page 31 for by enclosing some "Bullets" for this week's contest you secure two separate opportunities of winning a First Prize.

1ST PRIZE **£20 WEEKLY for LIFE or £250 CASH**

**5/- SURPRISE AWARDS** UNLIMITED — ONE FOR EACH 2ND RUNNER-UP

AND **£100 in CASH and war-time LUXURY CASES** FOR 1ST Runners-up

Cigarettes — Chocolate
Fruit Cake — Biscuits
Honey — Jam — Pickles
Fruit Salad — Tinned Soups
Fruit Cordial

173

## TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 173rd of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, November 2. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the lump sum of £250 will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

### ACROSS CLUES

1. Cheeky answers often indicate youngster in this
5. If you don't know the language, foreign one will be hard to understand
7. Mother-country can always rely on this from the Empire
8. There's sometimes a sad look about a neglected one
10. Architect will usually be upset if he gets this while engaged on important plan
11. One may buy in tin
14. You wouldn't expect one to forget old scores easily
18. May give you radio programmes—or help you to bite
20. Is sometimes obviously just a catch
21. Without him you'd have no bacon
22. Householders can sometimes put them on grate

### DOWN CLUES

1. Farmer might expect to get a good one for show beast
2. Escaped criminal is pretty sure to be worried when he finds police are on his
3. Prepare paper for publication
4. You expect cake good cook bakes to be this
6. Essential in some jobs
9. There's something imposing about long one as a rule
12. Dictator's foolish if he ignores this when considering aggression
13. It's awkward when bishop is not to be found in this
15. It may well be annoying when one gets stuck in
16. Patrol sometimes has to sound one when after offender
17. May occasionally get broken by throwers at cokernut sky
19. Artful dodger is often as slippery as one

## 2 BIG CHEQUES WON

### IN CROSSWORD No. 170.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 170, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square were the following two competitors, who submitted squares differing at one point only from the most meritorious sets of Answers seen in square on right:—

C. F. BALL, "Beech Rock," Barton Road, Davyhulme, Manchester.

Mrs. W. KING, 34, North Side, Wandsworth Common, S.W.11.

These competitors share the First Prize of £250, and a cheque for £125 will be sent to each.

The £30 Award to Runners-up has been divided between 231 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £1 6s. 3d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

Every winner will also receive a "War Bonus" Award of a strong waterproof Gas-mask Container, or Crossword Season Ticket if preferred.

**WINNING SQUARE**

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point DRAY and GRAY were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

## X.WORD AID POST FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war-time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 173, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Save" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

**ADDRESS ENTRY:** Crossword No. 173, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

**Note NEW Closing Postmark—SAT., Oct. 21**

## READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, October 21, 1939.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to sixteen (entry-fee 4/-).

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL, on sale Thursday, November 2. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £250 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

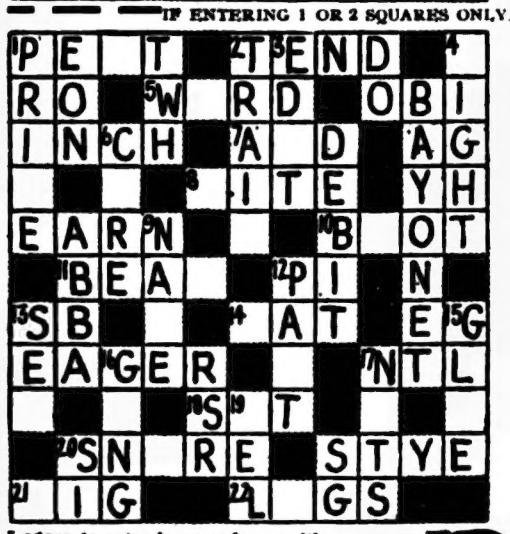
6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

**"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 173. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21.**

IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions and stick 1½d. stamps below at the rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below).

P.O. Value..... No.....

ADD NAME & ADDRESS TO BOTH COUPON AND LABEL

Name .....

Address .....

.....

USE BLOCK LETTERS
NAME

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

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5 .....

| | |
|---|---|
| FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here | FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps |
| FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps | FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps |

# The Last Laugh

THE KID By LEES

MISS H. (Colchester).—"Is it very difficult to be a popular commanding officer's wife?" That depends on the commanding officer.

J. E. (Harwich).—"He was moaning in the bar about the increased cost of living." He thought 14s. 3d. was too much?

W. W. (Nelson).—"After ten years of married life I'm still in love." Does your wife know the other woman?

M. H. (Hanwell).—"At this time of the year what can I put in the ground in the way of vegetables?" Brickbats.

A. P. (Margate).—"I got married just before I enlisted." So you have joined up twice.

**F. L. (Ventnor).—"Germany talks of destroying us with germ bombs, but has she really got any microbe that we haven't got?" Well, there's Hitler.**

C. B. M. (Chelsea).—"Our sergeant-major is really quite polite." Does he say, "Please form threes"?

MRS. J. (Lancing).—"My husband is doing his bit at the front." See letter below.

MR. J. (Lancing).—"My wife is busy darkening the windows at the back of the house, so I have offered to do the two small panes at the front." See letter above.

MAISIE (Aldershot).—"I wonder if my soldier boy loves me? He's only known me a week." In those circumstances perhaps he does.

N. Y. (Godalming).—"I can settle anyone's income tax problems with the greatest of ease." Our problem is how to raise the money.

FOOTBALLER (Mold).—"After the interval, our captain asked the referee for another ball." Did the other side want the first one all to themselves?

J. J. (Liskeard).—"I see that a scientist claims that insects can talk to one another." That's not new—moths are always chewing the rag.

F. D. (Deal).—"What do you think of the photographs published by the German propaganda department about the war?" Every picture tells a story.

**W. M. (Yarmouth).—"As a wartime economy many people are smoking their own kippers." Gas masks will be more useful than ever.**

OFFICE BOY (Walmer).—"Can you guess what happened when I told one of the cleaners that he hadn't dusted the office properly?" He got his rag out?

MAUD (Swanage).—"I used to be engaged to a wireless announcer but he seemed more interested in his work than in me." So you gave him the air?

CLERK (Barnsley).—"When I entered the manager's office, with the intention of asking for a rise, he said he couldn't see me." Why, had he left his glasses at home?

F. A. (Cinderford).—"Most of my girl friends are good at the impromptu. I find." Certainly in regard to their complexions, we expect—making 'em up as they go along?

G. J. (Maidstone).—"I'm going into the Army soon and it will be a welcome change to get away from the wife's tongue." It's true that married folk often have words, but only the wife uses them.

## Guinea Winners for "Last Laughs"

Following are the ten £1 1s. winners in the "Last Laughs" Contest announced on this page in JOHN BULL dated September 23:—

H. Bell, 225, Railton Road, London, S.E.

R. J. Davis, 155, Midford Road, Bath.

Mrs. C. M. Gunstone, Bangalore, Pegwell Road, Ramsgate.

G. Harris, 1, Asbury Road, Wallasey.

C. J. Hartley, 99, Haig Avenue, Southport.

J. Lithgow, Railway Cottages, Stepps, Glasgow.

V. C. Littlewood, 17, Manor Road, Cottingley, Bingley, Yorks.

Miss N. Seale, 25, Yew Tree Avenue, Moss Side, Manchester.

Miss K. Thompson, Blakesley, Wisborough Green, near Billingshurst

Miss F. M. Venables, 3, Marine Parade, Bognor Regis.

Prizes for 100 Runners-up have also been despatched—and list of 10 successful efforts can be obtained on application to Competition Editor.

NUMEROLOGIST (Box).—"Do you know what Hitler's number is?" Up.

SUSIE (Watford).—"What do you think I got for cooking the meals for my family to-day?" Complaints?

T. L. (Stevenage).—"When one finds that one's dug-out is full of rats, what is the best thing to get?" Out.

TYPIST (Birmingham).—"I left my last position here because there was no future in it." The boss was already married?

H. McD. (Aberdeen).—"The motto of my family has always been 'Never Give Up.'" Understandable, seeing where you live.

F. A. (Raunds).—"Wouldn't it be grand to wake up and find one's self rich?" Rather; but only professional boxers do that.

R. L. (York).—"When the Ministry of Information does eventually issue a comprehensive bulletin, I wonder what it will be about?" Time!

W. G. (Honiton).—"What would the average Englishman do if you deprived him of his grumble?" Grumble because he hadn't got one!

W. H. (Esher).—"I have given up my car and joined the Territorials." You'll soon learn not to put out your hand when making a right or left turn.

**C. M (Dunstable).—"The headmaster has just stopped smoking in my college." Well, why worry until he asks the students to stop, too?**

P. J. (Warminster).—"When I sent a donation to the Red Cross Society I insisted on remaining anonymous." We hope your gift wasn't in the form of a cheque.

MRS. K. N. (Hove).—"My husband says he'd like to get all crooners on a lonely island and shoot them." If we could only get them on a lonely island we'd be satisfied!

L. W. (Neston).—"I have sent you a copy of my book—it is all about my own life." We'll lose no time in reading it.

M. J. (Exmouth).—"I'm taking one pill three times a day for my kidney trouble." You seem to make one pill go a long way!

**E. S. (Bude).—"I wonder why so many soldiers to-day wear glasses?" To see the war through.**

OLD SOLDIER (Lambeth).—"When two old Army pals meet, one *must* have a drink to celebrate." What about the other one?

NORA (Chertsey).—"I have a friend in the R.A.F., one in the Army and one in the Navy." Awkward if they all got leave at the same time.

D. N. (Thorpe).—"Haven't we had glorious weather lately?" Yes. Probably because the experts aren't messing it about with weather forecasts.

L. P. (Congleton).—"I'm getting to be terribly interested in the girl next door." Be careful. Cupidity brings about more marriages than Cupid.

L. K. (Kibworth).—"The weather always affects me. When the air's mild, I feel mild; when it's brisk, I feel brisk." And when the air is balmy. . . .?

R. L. (Rye).—"What does a continued hissing and crackling sound mean on the radio?" Probably just the Fuehrer fuming on all German stations.

M. K. (Witham).—"I am convinced that in these modern times it is possible for a war to last twenty-five years." Have you just celebrated your silver wedding?

R. G. (Dorset).—"We've got so many people billeted in our house that one of them has to sleep in the bath." Now where are you going to put your coal when winter comes?

C. H. (Cranbrook).—"If you suffer from skin trouble, I recommend you to use the enclosed ointment, which is very good for spots." You're right! We've already got twice as many!

D. A. (Caterham).—"Poverty seems to be the lot of many people to-day. Everyone is hard up. However, they say poverty is a blessing in disguise, but I wonder." Well, the disguise is perfect.

W. L. (Acton).—"Although I was in uniform on the railway station, I didn't get any salutes." This is the first time we have heard that railway porters were supposed to be saluted.

R. L. (Tring).—"Many people simply can't select suitable presents." For instance, what could be more foolish than buying a set of military hairbrushes for a bald naval officer as a parting gift?

G. N. (Highgate).—"Britain has the upper hand in the air." So has Germany, when performing the Nazi salute.

S. V. (Looe).—"What would you call a man who doesn't smoke, drink or take sugar in his tea?" A tax-dodger.

W. N. (Guildford).—"We have bought a tandem and my wife insists on steering." So you still have to take a back seat.

R. L. (Reading).—"What, I wonder, would bring the American Army into the war in Europe?" Troopships.

OLD SWEAT (Wallingford).—"There are two things that a young recruit should approach with caution in the Army." Crown and anchor?

**M. T. (Lee).—"I love the saxophone but, whenever I play it, I become nervous." About your safety?**

C. L. (Winchester).—"No sooner had I put my new uniform on than I caught it on a blackberry bramble." That's torn it!

MAC. (London Scottish).—"There's one thing about my countryman—he's always ready for a fight." Ye're right, Mac. Especially a free one.

V. J. (Bedford).—"In their effort to force a quick victory, German troops on the Western Front will stop at nothing." What about the Maginot Line?

ELLA (Sutton).—"He's a bit of a dandy and I can't think what to give him for his birthday." What about a set of luminous waistcoat buttons?

R. L. (Bodmin).—"The sound of the bugle always gives me that bloodthirsty do-or-die feeling." The tin trumpet belonging to the little boy next door has the same effect on us.

## SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

ALCESTER CHRONICLE:—"LAMBS are hung from belts worn round the waist."

EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"A wooden HUNT was being transferred from. . . ."

THE NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL:—"The BATHERS of two boys said they did not believe in corporal punishment. . . ."

SOUTH WALES EVENING POST:—". . . which had been presented by a member who wishes to remain UNANIMOUS."

AYRSHIRE POST:—"Children with DECEASED tonsils and adenoids are admitted in batches of ten four times weekly."

THE BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"If you can't work during an air raid you are no coo to me."

DUBLIN EVENING MAIL:—". . . he is not faced only with perils under the water, which already make him uncomfortable, but he is threatened also by PEARLS from the air. . . ."

ROTHERHAM ADVERTISER:—". . . who wore a dress of pale green satin and carried a bouquet of sweet PETS."

BEXLEY HEATH OBSERVER AND KENTISH TIMES:—". . . the Town Clerk, in addition to other emergency duties, is acting as FOOL Controller. . . ."

THE WEEKLY SCOTSMAN:—"Their staffs are volunteering as air-raid wardens, who take their turn in night-SHIRT work."

THE SUNDAY TIMES:—"Conversation was stilled immediately, knives and forks were laid down, and not a sound CEASED."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"We are informed that all the Germans who were MURDERED in Danzig before the outbreak of war have decided to form an Old Boys' Association. . . ."

# INCREASED CASH and NEW WAR-TIME PRIZES!

ONE WEEK ONLY to WIN

# £200

"BULLETS" ALL-CASH 1ST PRIZE for 2, 3 or 4 WORDS

## HOW TO WIN A "BULLETS" PRIZE

ENTER the best effort for this week's entertaining Contest and, one Friday shortly afterwards, you will receive a thrilling First Prize Joy Wire announcing you the winner of the increased cheque offered on this page.

Supporting prizes include a range of useful cheques, a big batch of new "Winter Warmth" Prizes and thousands of other awards as well.

A *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*. For instance, taking SAME OLD SPIRIT as his *Example*, a Leigh-on-Sea entrant added "UNBOTTLED" AT COUNTRY'S "CALL," and so won a substantial cheque with an effort which any JOHN BULL reader could have made.

Before starting on your own efforts, study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,188th Contest on this page. Then turn to the *Examples* and begin on your *Bullets* at once, for they *must* be posted on or before Saturday, October 21.

2nd PRIZE £20 | 3rd PRIZE £10

£5 | £4 | 2 of £3

10 of £2.10

30 NEW WINTER WARMTH PRIZES

WIN WINTER WARMTH—CHOOSE KIND YOU PREFER!

OIL STOVE FOR EXTRA WARMTH IN YOUR HOME

COAL SUPPLY NEXT 10cwt. OF YOUR RATION, FOR DELIVERY BY YOUR DEALER, AS NEEDED

PAIR OF BLANKETS YOU'LL NEED THEM THIS WINTER

THOUSANDS OF OTHER PRIZES

## 'BULLETS' 1,188 RESULT

**First Prize, £200 plus Radio:**
A. GRAY, 22, Blantyre Road, Liverpool.
Example: JOB FOR BULLDOG
Bullet: KEEPING TRADE "GATEWAYS" *Open.*

**SECOND PRIZE, £10 plus Radio:**
L. WALTON, 14, Coniston Road, Coventry.
Example: For Our Children's Sake
Bullet: Schools Closed—"Teaching" *Hitler.*

**THIRD PRIZE, £5 plus Radio:**
H. C. W. EDGE, 108, Copse Hill, Wimbledon, S.W.
Example: Autumn Leaves
Bullet: My Buttons—Wife's Enlisted!

**10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:**
Mrs. C. ALDRIDGE, 65, Tivoli Crescent, Brighton.
Ideal Job—For Jerrybuilder, Camouflage Squad!
N. BROWN, 147, Brighton Road, Gateshead, Co. Durham.
Doing His Bit—Thin'ks Sonny, Extinguishing Night-light!
J. BUNTING, 103, Twaddell Avenue, Belfast.
Growing Old—Bill's Moustache, Recruit's Problem.
Mrs. M. CHATFIELD, 44, Highdown Road, Lewes, Sussex.
Whatever Happens—*Show-down* Goes On, Hitler!
F. HOARE, 74, Willow Hayne, Kingsway, Woking.
With A Clear Conscience—Hubby—"Business In France."
S. LEE, 186, Droylsden Road, Audenshaw, nr. Manchester.
Wicked Enough, War—*Without* Rumours.
W. LEE, Top Flat, 174, North Road, Southend-on-Sea.
Calling For Speed—Not Administration's "Knots," Britannia.
J. L. ROBERTS, "Gwenallt," Aucher Road, Llysfaen, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales.
Wicked—World, Robbed Little Adolf!
A. RUSSELL, 126, Clepington Road, Dundee.
England Expects—"Marathon"—Hitler Expected "Sprint."
A. TAYLOR, 4, Heather Road, Newport, Mon.
Troubles Mother — Evacuation — Father, "Time, Gentlemen!"

## ADVANCE "EXAMPLES" FOR "BULLETS" No. 1,193

(NOT TO BE USED FOR THIS WEEK'S CONTEST.)

Britain And France—In Times Like These—Gives Hitler A Headache—Brute Force—Remember The "Courageous" And—When The Rent's Due—On The Casualty List—Auntie's Lost Her Gas-mask, So—Now The Kids Are Away—Taxation's A Burden, But—Luxuries—Appealing For Help—Before The War—Like A Frightened Rabbit For The Duration—Bamboozled—Pity The Publican When—Before It's Over—The Nazis Shock For The Profiteer.

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additonal word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

| | |
|---|---|
| Full Of ..... | War-time ..... |
| When ..... Proposed | Roar Of The ..... |
| ..... Answer | Public ..... |

## 'EXAMPLES' BELOW—ENTER on these NEW STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

ADDRESS LABEL ABOVE TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE A POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,192 — Closing postmark, SAT., OCT. 21.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

NAME and ADDRESS on both LABEL and COUPON

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

| 1½d. STAMP | 1½d. STAMP | 1½d. STAMP | 1½d. STAMP |
|---|---|---|---|
| For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above. | | For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above. | |

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

## ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE"

PILOT WINSTON
BLACK TREACHERY
NOW HUBBY'S A SOLDIER
OUT OF PETROL
ARMY OF BUREAUCRATS
WHAT DAD HEARD
MINISTRY OF INFORMATION
FRIGHTFULNESS
SEIZING HIS CHANCE
TO HELP TOMMY
RED TAPE
VICTORY WILL COME, BUT
OFF WENT THE GUN AND
FLOOD OF LIES
WHAT THE WARDEN SAID
DISAPPOINTED MAN
GRANDPA WISHES
WE NEED MORE FOOD, SO
MAKING A MESS OF IT
HITLER AND STALIN

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

WHEN ..... SPEAKS
WANTS .....
FREE FROM .....
WITH A LITTLE .....
HOW TO GET .....
PRICE OF .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

"BULLETS" No. 192 — Closing postmark SAT., OCT. 21

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

| 1½d. STAMP | 1½d. STAMP | 1½d. STAMP | 1½d. STAMP |
|---|---|---|---|
| For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above. | | For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above. | |

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

## FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

**FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY**

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,192, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

**ADDRESS ENTRY:** "BULLETS" No. 1,192, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

**ONE WEEK ONLY**
Closing postmark
**SATURDAY, OCT. 21**

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received; and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

**N.B.** If desired, Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 28, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.

# Keep Smiling and don't worry

Good health is certain if you remember your Bile Beans at bedtime. For liver and stomach, for the blood, and for regular gentle clearance of the system Bile Beans are ideal. Purely Vegetable.

*SOLD EVERYWHERE*

## Nightly Bile Beans

BRAND PILLS

KEEP UP YOUR HEALTH & SPIRITS


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